



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 32 – Number 8

December 2014

Special Features This Issue
32nd Annual Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival
6th Annual Townie Hornor Sail Around
2014 Annual Penobscot Bay Cruise Land Sailing
Maximum Fun...Minimum Money
20 Mile Boat Build Begins — Crab Claw and Split Junk Rig



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

I kinda went over the top with the book reviews in this issue, three books reviewed all by myself, I got so enthused about them. You can find out more about why starting on page 8, suffice it to say here that I was totally enchanted with the small books about small boating that have been turning up here from Lodestar Books in the UK, a small publisher dedicated to publishing lesser known books about how we mess about in boats, now as well as in the past. The latter really grab me with my predilection towards simpler times afloat, an underlying theme of *MAIB*.

We pretty regularly include book reviews in each issue, the books just keep on coming. We don't solicit these, we're firmly established now on the list of publications that receive review copies from the maritime press. Too many turn up for me to read and review myself, so I long ago began to farm out books to readers who expressed an interest in doing reviews. I grab those that grab me, and those in this issue are typical. Lotsa human interest stuff involving small boats written in a style that carries me along effortlessly to wherever the book intends to lead me. This is not to dismiss those books I pass along, there's only so many I can read month to month amidst my other recreational reading (I'm not a TV person).

I got to thinking about how many book reviews have graced our pages over the years, and when did I begin to include them more or less regularly. Some research turned up the November 15, 1984 issue (interestingly enough just 30 years ago) in which, having just gone from 16 pages to 20 and thus feeling I had a bit more room, I announced:

Good Winter Reading

"From now on through the winter I'll be bringing pretty regular information on the "What's Happening?" pages on interesting reading, books and periodicals that you might find of interest yourself. Sometimes these will be book reviews, other times announcements. And also sources for books. So, if you are a reader about messing about in boats, check us out each and every issue."

Accompanying this announcement were three short reviews:

Building Classic Small Craft

by John Gardner

Origins of Sea Terms

by John G. Rogers of Mystic Seaport Museum
Northeastern Coastal Paddling Guide

by Chuck Sutherland and *MAIB*

We were off and running.

About two years later came a turning point. In the October 1, 1986 issue I reviewed two books, *Men's Lives* by Peter Matthiessen and *Loki and Loon* by Gifford B. Pinchot, both

authors of national stature. In a fit of whimsy I also reviewed "Five Nice Dustjackets." This was prompted by International Marine Publishing sending us five dust jackets from their newest boating releases with no explanation attached. I had to assume that they did not wish to risk the actual books on this obscure publication but thought maybe the dust jackets might earn a mention on our pages. So they did. The covers were from the following books:

Building the Instant Catboat

by Dynamite Payson

Amaretto

by Joe Upton

The Gourmet Galley

by Terence Janerico

The Captain Nemo Cookbook

by Hal Painter

Seaworthiness

by C.A. Marchaj

They must have gotten the point for thereafter the entire books would show up, including the dust covers!

I have no idea how many reviews have appeared since those early days, but it's gotta be a lot, what with now 684 issues out there. How can there be so many books about boats? It must be the same thing that has kept *MAIB* still afloat after 32 years and 684 issues, a never ending fascination with any and all aspects of messing about in boats.

And more are waiting in the wings here. If you would like to become an armchair book reviewer for us this winter, cast your eyes over this list. Let me know (at maib.office@gmail.com) your chosen title and I'll email you the cover blurb outlining what you can expect to find in the book. If it still appeals, let me know and I'll mail the book off to you. It's yours to keep and we hope you'll find time and inspiration to write us your opinions. Herewith the current list as of November 1:

The Little Blue Book of Sailing Wisdom

The Art of Wooden Boat Repair

Building the Sea Eagles

GPS for Mariners

A Visual Cruising Guide to the Southern

New England Coast

Building the Ugbar Dinghy

What's in Your Boathouse?

Beer in the Bilges

Buckrammer's Tales

Flowers of the Sea

Norma & Gladys, Newfoundland's Famous

Knockabout Schooner

At the Point of a Cutlass

A Sail of Two Idiots

The White Fleet

Victura, the Kennedys & the Sea

On the Cover...

The 32nd Annual Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival in early October at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St. Michaels, MD, was a resounding success attracting over 300 participants bringing 125 boats. The weather was great with plenty of wind for the sailing races, as pictured on the cover. We have two reports in this issue, the Museum's news release and "Three Guys at the MASCF", Dick, Bill and Bob, who travelled from Massachusetts to take in the event.

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“...just plain common ordinary,
unremarkably splendid people who
just happen to like boats and sailing
and stuff like that.”

By Dan Rogers

This is a boat story. Mostly. And a people story. The best place to start is someplace near the end. Probably.

In mid October I had a most remarkable conversation with a most remarkable gent, a really nice guy, who calls himself “Mean Gene,” of all things. I call him Gentleman Gene. I don’t know him anywhere as well as he does but I don’t think he’s got a mean bone in his body.

It was the Monday morning after Sail Oklahoma 2014 had officially ended the night before. Something like 100 people and over 60 boats had descended upon Mike and Jackie Monies’ yard, frontage road and neighborhood beach. The weather had been pretty close to atrocious, heavy rain, howling winds, plummeting temperatures. The majority of attendees had already recovered their boats and headed for home. It was still dark and still raining. Even though the “event” was over, and most everybody was either gone or almost ready to go, nobody wanted it to end. Least of all me.

It had taken me five years to finally make the pilgrimage, five years of fretting about the really long drive and stewing about the expense of being on the road a couple of weeks. Five years of making excuses. And now it was suddenly over. I still had a boat to pry out of the sand and get loaded onto her trailer. I bumped into Gene down on the beach in the pre dawn drizzle. I couldn’t get over how cheerful he was for a guy who had just spent the night in a wet sleeping bag in a rain puddle formed on the floor of his Michalak “Norm’s Boat.” I had been relatively warm and quite dry in the interior of my veteran road warrior Chevy van, “Big Ole.” The guys who braved staying aboard their boats down on the beach had a much rougher go of it, surf, wind and pelting rain. Gene accepted my invitation inside my rig for coffee and the inevitable gam.

This gathering of sailors and boat builders, and dreamers and doers had been a completely magic experience. Gene lives just “up the road” in neighboring Missouri. He shows up to help Mike Monies in the boat shop now and then. He’s been a fixture at Sail Oklahoma for years. Even so, he patiently listened to my exuberance over having the personal privilege of sitting at diner with THE John Welsford and THE Mike Monies. The remarkable opportunity to spend the day in Mike’s shop under John’s tutelage in a limited attendance class on working with epoxy. My absolute joy at having scored the chair in the geographic center of the room where THE Welsford, and THE Michalak, and THE Storer, and THE Woods had shared some of their philosophies and many of their opinions with the rest of us. It’s hard not to like a guy like Gene. What’s not to like? He thinks like I do.

Gene resets peoples’ anchors and reties their mooring lines. He’s right there when you need somebody to help with launching a boat on that shoaling beach ramp. He built his own boat and takes folks sailing. He’s a friend of Chuck Leinweber. Heck, he’s everybody’s friend. I got to make him instant coffee on a little camp stove and offer a seat out of the rain. Small change for what I got in return.

What I got was the rare opportunity to spend a little time with a guy who thinks more folks should be just like him. He thinks more people should do nice things for other people. He thinks people should help people when they need it. He thinks that more people should share what they know how to do, and how to make, with more people. And he thinks that Sail Oklahoma is one of those very rare and special happenings where people who think and do stuff like he does are not only in the majority, they are just plain common, ordinary, unremarkably splendid people who just happen to like boats, and sailing and stuff like that.

How could I have been so fortunate to come to a gathering of small boat aficionados who truly are the salt of the earth? Really nice folks. Really helpful folks. Simply delightful to be with. Really, how could I have managed to stay away for all those years?

The rain continued with the sunrise. I had to start the couple thousand mile odyssey for home. Gene finished his coffee and headed off to help somebody load their trailer. Gene’s a really nice guy. And it’s guys like him that make Sail Oklahoma such a wonderful boat story. And people story.

What Dan Didn’t Know

By Jackie Monies

What Dan didn’t know probably is that Gene Berry spent the summer when he should have been building his own boats repairing the *Red Scamp* for Mike to take down to the PlyWooden Boat Festival and show for Chuck Leinweber and John Welsford and all the rest, the first amateur builder built Scamp, the infamous “stuck in the mud” *Red Scamp*. It would not have been there but for Gene’s hard work.

Gene would accept no pay, no contributions, not even materials, although I think he did accept the red paint, if nothing else. This is just how Gene Berry is, probably the nicest, most generous man I have ever met, always cheerful and caring, always smiling and making you feel better. During the worst days of Mike’s cancer treatment this year, I always had a cheering email from Gene to take my mind off the worst news possibilities.

Every year I have wanted to declare Gene our “volunteer of the year” but he is so modest, he says no. But this year I had to do something to reward him, especially after he saved Bill Nolen’s life probably when Bill’s truck ran over Bill’s foot on the launch ramp, threatening his entire leg and body. Gene saved Bill from worse injury than just a gashed foot.

Mike told me that Gene really liked the *Dianne’s Rose* shanty boat that came down from Canada. I loved it, too, but if ever a boat belonged to a builder, Gene Berry is probably it because he loves to do float trips, camp out, fish, meander through nooks and crannies of lakes and rivers. And he has a wife he loves very much who might like to go out in the luxury of the shantyboat that *Dianne’s Rose* definitely is.

Just coincidentally I had invested about 80 raffle tickets to benefit the American Cancer Society fundraiser we were doing at Sail Oklahoma, and most of them went to win the set of plans for *Dianne’s Rose* that Dianne and Roy Schreyer had so generously donated. I had loved the boat from the time I saw it in *Duckworks* and *Small Craft Advisor*. I loved that boat but I love Gene Berry even more as a friend and I know that she belongs with him.

Sorry this is so long, but I had to add my story to Dan’s. I suspect all of us at Sail Oklahoma have a Gene Berry story we can add and I wish we would.

Dianne’s Rose

By Roy Schreyer

My wife has made it clear she does not care for my “beach cruising” sailboat *Whisper*. To her credit she and our son have joined me on many outings and as long as I keep the “tippy” boat under control all ends well. I’ve had dreams of expanding my sailing horizons and designed several sailboats (started building one) but not including my wife was not an option for me so little came of these designs. One day she commented that “if we had a more comfortable boat I’d go out more often.” It got me thinking. The result is a mini houseboat that is fairly easy to build from materials largely available at local lumberyards, which doesn’t look too much like a box.

For all the info and more, go to *Duckworks* and type in “Dianne’s Rose.”



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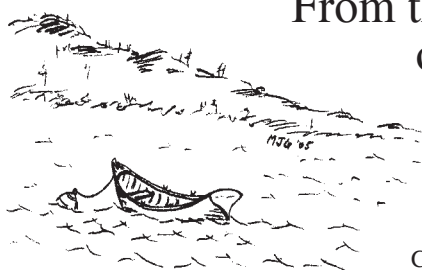
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From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

Today we're having a friendly little gale to announce the presence of Hurricane Noel as it heads for Nova Scotia. It barely qualifies as a hurricane by now but I still have no desire to go out in *MoonWind* to accost her. Doubled up my lines and fenders, retaped my mast boot, then spent half an hour with my neighbor aboard his Sabre 30. In this past week, I've also spent time aboard a Cape Dory 30 and a Catalina 30.

One of the mechanics disparaged the Cape Dory 30 for the inaccessibility of its engine. Another praised the Catalina for its spaciousness and good handling. The CD 30 certain is the prettiest of the three. It boasts extensive brightwork below without being dark, which was my impression of the CD 27. The quarter berth on the Sabre was tucked behind a counter top and was all but inaccessible, though the bunk itself was spacious. The Catalina has little bright work but is open and light. All three have plenty of headroom, plenty of storage, plenty of water and fuel.

One of the mechanics is fitting a new engine to a Catalina 30 he picked up cheap, although it is in good shape. He's agreed to take me sailing in her this winter. Perhaps, next spring, I'll have myself a new vessel. I knew there was a reason for putting off displaying *MoonWind's* name upon her hull.

Meanwhile, the weather is closing in upon us quickly. I want to go off on a jaunt at least once more before I'm inundated by work and readings and turkeys and Yule logs. If I make it only to Cuttyhunk I'd be happy. With a layover at Point Judith Pond, and another, returning, at Block Island, I should be able to spend a few pleasurable days.

Today is not boating weather. I need to pack my little brown truck with books, and go to bookstores and libraries and gift shops. The pusslets went out at five this morning before the rain began. Now they are in and contented to drape themselves upon the chairs. I, however, being not as bright as a pusslet, am just preparing to go forth into the storm. Must be something pernicious in my French roast.

In case a frivolous breeze decided to take liberties with my kayak, I carried her up to the truck and took her home. I'll wash the slime from her bottom and hose her off and take her back to Noank with me this week. Think I'll try to cruise with only the kayak tucked aboard. The Whitehall is heavy and prone to swamping, not having a cover. I'm not unaware of the drawbacks of a kayak, but at least she's easy to stow.

Tomorrow, I need to fit my new tiller and mount my new GPS. I may even find the time to wet my rail. Ideally, I'll find an unused dock at 'A' pier on my return and claim it for the winter. This would be as close to our shop as possible. Soon, I'll fit the tarpaulin over my cockpit and resign myself to repairing boats and writing for magazines. I'll drain my water tank, winterize my head, run a bit of antifreeze through my pumps. Having an outboard motor, I don't need to do more than run it once a week to be assured it'll start when I want to go out.

Then I need only unsecure my tarp, remove my sail cover, tilt my engine into the drink, and push the starter button. Then off I'll go to taste the salt breeze, divide the sea, and chase the gulls to the far edge of the sky.



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Activities & Events...

CBMM Tool Sharpening Workshop



CBMM Boatyard Program Manager Jenn Kuhn uses a whetstone to hone a chisel in the museum's boatshop.

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum is hosting a tool sharpening workshop on Tuesday, December 9, from 5-7pm in its boatshop. Participation is limited, with pre registration needed.

If taken care of properly, edge tools can last generations, making well honed tools that can cut like new every time. Participants will learn the proper preparation for sharpening and honing hand plane irons, chisels, gouges and other carving tools.

Bring your tools, sharpening stones or nothing at all as the boat shop can provide for demonstration. The cost for the workshop is \$20 for CBMM members or \$30 for non members, with pre registration made by contacting CBMM's Boatyard Program Manager Jenn Kuhn at (410) 745-4980, or by emailing afad@cbmm.org. For more information, visit www.cbmm.org.

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Opinions...

Some Thoughts on Those Guideboats

I enjoyed reading Roger Swanson's article on the success of the Adirondack Guideboats in the fixed seat single class in the Blackburn Challenge and other local races here in New England. With over 30 years of races behind me, including 23 Blackburn Challenges I have the following thoughts to offer:

The guideboats are wonderful boats and when built light and stretched out in length they are truly fast. I once thought they might not be safe in open water with that plumb stem, very little rocker and insufficient floatation. Maybe more of a flat water fishing boat. But recent history has thrown up some pretty big arguments to that. They seem to be able to finish the challenging races as well as any boat.

In September I raced beside Mike Cushing in his beautiful strip built guideboat around Minot's Light in a big ground swell and with a stiff offshore wind causing a nasty chop across the swells. This was open water rowing at its best. We both were getting tossed around in the challenging seas and each boat would disappear from view at the bottom of the swells. As we approached the turn at Minot's Light where conditions were the worst, I could see that the guideboat was tracking well, not throwing a lot of spray and well controlled. Considering the conditions it was impressive.

But the biggest factor in the success of the guideboats is without question the engines. Winning Blackburn rowers like Gerhard Munger and Paul Neil before him come down from upstate New York where racing is on a whole different level and is considered a very big deal throughout the area. They are superbly conditioned and dedicated athletes. Their big race is something like 90 miles over three days and includes long, unassisted portages, running through the woods with their boats over their heads. Very serious stuff. Here in New England I do not believe fixed seat single rowers have trained with that intensity. I certainly haven't.

The guideboats are fast. There is no argument. But if you put Gerhard in an 8' inflatable dinghy he would probably win. My point is you cannot do a proper evaluation without considering the ability of the rower and these rowers are giving this boat an undeserved reputation.

Jon Aborn,
Barnstable, MA

This Magazine...

The Right Words to Say "Thank You"

How does one find the right words to say thank you. I think of all the hours that I have enjoyed reading *MAIB* through the years and I say thank you. Each month I await with anticipation its arrival. The first thing that I read is your editorial and much more often then not find myself in total agreement with your views. Then the well written journals of Matthew Goldman (Constant Waterman) who sails the same areas that I did for over 40 years. Love the letters to *MAIB* and the book reviews that are so well done.

Without a doubt the biggest thanks have to go to the contributors for all the wonderful articles that they take their precious time to write and send in. So again I say "thank you" and hope to continue this enjoyment as long as either you or I can make it possible. Clear skies and fair winds to you.

David Simonds, Voluntown, CT

Longest Running Design Column

MAIB has been the voice of many folks and organizations involved with small boats, which the glitzy commercial mags would never even look at. It has been our regular outlet in print now literally for decades. Since Phil's death and after a few missed issues, I've resumed the steady schedule of contributing design work, studies and other related news under the heading "Phil Bolger & Friends on Design."

This little and much underestimated magazine has probably supported the longest running regular design column by one design house of any boating magazine anywhere with our Bolger on Design sequence across now decades (since 1987—Ed).

Just for the fun of it you might want to mess with heads and hearts of the local yacht club set by buying a "subversive" *MAIB* subscription for them. Or your physician's or VA's waiting rooms could use a bit of "pulpy substance" next to the boring glossy commercials.

MAIB's \$32 price is very modest for a rich 60 page monthly in which many of you might even get published as well.

Susanne Altenburger, Phil Bolger & Friends, Gloucester, MA

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Sometimes I think I'd forget my own name if it wasn't stenciled onto my sea-bag. Most of what happened, even yesterday afternoon, is lost in the mists of trivia and haze of confusion. But something a guy did for me six years ago still stands out quite vividly. And it should!

Back when the legendary Texas 200 was still young, I towed my peripatetic pocket cruiser *Lady Bug* halfway across the continent from San Diego to the original starting line in Port Isabel, Texas. It's a long damn trip. Really, nothing much more than rocks, sand and very hot pavement once I got a few miles inland from coastal California. California deserts turn into Arizona deserts, into New Mexico deserts and finally Texas deserts. Before I left, Kate asked me, "You're going to Texas in June? For what?"

An emergency root canal at Fort Huachuca, a dramatic truck tire blowout someplace along the Rio Grande, a shredded trailer tire in El Centro and an alternator failure in the 105° sun of Chorizo Springs came in staccato fashion. Kate's question seemed pretty much spot on. But my answer at the time, and still is, was pretty simple. "Texas is where the cool kids are gonna be."

Andy Linn and Jason Nabors and Mike Monies and John Turpin were just names on Chuck Leinweber's website. Names at the end of dramatic accounts of sea monsters, and pirates and derringdo. I grew up with the Hardy Boys. I was an Eagle Scout before the eighth grade. Heck, I still help "little old ladies" across the street although most of those little old ladies are younger than I am these days. Anyhow, adventure is a strong calling card. And, as I already knew, "...adventure is anything exciting and dangerous that doesn't kill you outright..." I just had to meet these guys. I just had to go where all the cool kids were gonna be.

Like I said, I was a Boy Scout. The idea of being "prepared" is one I take very seriously. Too seriously sometimes. *Lady Bug* was loaded to the gunnels with extra food, extra water, extra parts and enough outboard gas to motor halfway to Cuba. I could rewire and mend and replace just about anything the sea monsters and pirates could demolish. Yeah. She was really heavy. And, as it turned out, SLOW. Really slow.

Once the lot of us deposited our tow vehicles and trailers a couple of hundred miles up the coast and rode the bus back to the starting gate, we were all pretty well committed. Some would say we should be committed. But heck, this was the second running. Almost nobody died on the first one. Most of the cool kids were back. I can do this.

From the get go I was almost mesmerized by this double ended boat that seemed to pass me like an apparition. One moment *Merlin* would be hull down on the horizon astern. Then, pretty soon, she'd be wafting on by me. This rather grizzled looking "old guy" in a head scarf would smile and wave from under his hard dodger. I couldn't help wondering if he was one of the pirates. Sure looked the part. And "poof," *Merlin* would scoot on ahead. Of course, as slow as *Lady Bug* turned out to be, EVERYBODY seemed to scoot on ahead.

Day 3 dawned sort of gray and kinda extra breezy. I was determined to stay up with the rest of the fleet. I got underway with the lead boats. *Merlin* caught up with me in the channel and quickly showed me her

A Random Act of Kindness

By Dan Rogers

heels. So did everybody else. I figured I'd have to take the "short cut." Seems like that was the long day to Army Hole, the infamous run to infamous Army Hole. A day that Mike Monies and John Turpin and Carl Haddick and the whole flock of Ducks will never forget. Those ladies with the O'Day open boat. Marty and Kim. A lot of stuff happened that day. A lot of ordinary people stepped up and did some damn fine things that day.

Me? I just sailed off by myself and got lost. Well, not really lost. The chart said I knew right where I was. Even where I was going. All the hot shots had blasted on by. The little guys with shallow draft and pull up appendages had all taken their own "short cuts" someplace off to the south. I was all alone in the world on a dead run, trying to keep it between the poles. To tell the truth, it was blowing hard enough that I had simply chucked my charts and GPS into the cabin and slammed the hatch shut. I wasn't really in trouble. I wasn't even really scared. But suddenly I really began to question where I was. Mostly where I was headed.

With every passing year the waves get higher. The wind's shriek gets shriller. We old guys get to know about that. But it was pretty boisterous in that sharp edged channel and it looked for all the world like I had picked a dead end! Nothing but surf up ahead where the poles disappeared into the trees. The choices seemed to diminish to just two. I could wander out of the channel, run aground with my fixed keel and deep rudder. And maybe broach! I could keep on downwind and put her on what was really looking like a line of rip rap in what was really looking like surf.

Not everybody with a sailboat is actually a sailor. Not very many sailors are really seamen. Not all seamen are gentlemen. Not all gentlemen are thoughtful. To my reckoning Dave Ware, designer, builder and master of *Merlin*, was all of those things. He did something for me that I've done a bunch of times for other people. Not very complicated but he simply KNEW I was getting into deep kim chee. I was going the wrong way and would soon be walking home if I was that lucky.

Out of the spume, that double ender with the hard dodger reappeared. Not where I thought the channel was supposed to be but pretty close. Then a most remarkable thing, *Merlin* started reaching back and forth

across the same patch of water. He was marking the trail for the green horn stumbling along behind. Maybe I wasn't gonna lose my boat after all.

After about 30 minutes, one of the longest half hours I can recall, I ran on by that rip rap and was inside the shelter of the Rockport channel. And there was *Merlin*, just tacking and gybing around up ahead waiting for me. I still get puddled up when I think about what Dave did for me that day. One of those "Random Acts of Kindness" that needs to be told. And retold.

I hailed him and asked if we could stop someplace, maybe find lunch and a cup of coffee. He pointed ahead to a small marina with a faded café sign nailed to a piling at the edge of the channel. We tied up, and while I can't tell you what I ordered for lunch, I can report that the company was extraordinary. Turns out Dave lived in Rockport. We talked about my prospects of catching up with the fleet and some of the obvious Unk Unk's of threading those final reefs and labyrinth channels in what would most certainly be darkness. After a while I made one of the most fretful decisions in a very, very long sailing career. I decided to quit. Give it up. Bail out.

Dave didn't know me from Adam. I was just another Texas 200 wannabe who had gotten himself into a jam, a guy who had brought the wrong boat and then made things worse thinking he'd made it better. I was only halfway to the finish and a long damn way from home. I didn't know anybody in Rockport. I really didn't even know where Rockport was.

Dave showed me where I could anchor in the little commercial basin, around the corner from where we stopped for lunch. As it happened we both wandered out of the channel and both ran quite firmly aground while avoiding a tow boat and barge combo enroute to the anchorage, the only anchorage available for the rest of that day's planned route. Dave took it with good nature. I don't remember being quite so forgiving at the time.

Anyhow, Dave not only spent the night anchored alongside *Lady Bug* in that rather squalid little harbor of refuge, he took me to a seafood boil at his friend's boat shop. He introduced me around. He called his wife and arranged for her to nursemaid me the following day. I got to see the Texas Maritime Museum, go hull thumping around the Rockport waterfront and have lunch at a Jimmy Buffett inspired burger joint. And, best of all, she arranged for a friend to drive me up to where I could reclaim my truck and trailer. And then haul *Lady Bug* out at Rockport.



Here we go with another large lot of books you ought to know about with winter closing in. This month I've reviewed three great little books from the UK, all about sailing small boats (18'-20' cabin "yachts"). One harks back to 1892, a second to 1950 and a third is contemporary, all extolling the pleasures of sailing small cabin boats in the vast tidal wracked Thames Estuary where those tides sweep in and out over a range of 23'. These conditions result in a form of sailing referred to by those who enjoy it as "ditch crawling" amongst other colorful descriptions.

An oft repeated enjoyable aspect of this weekendng afloat (often in winters!) is the pleasure of going below at the end of a hard day bashing through wind and wave to the warmth from a tiny stove and the light of a tiny lantern "snug" below in a tiny cabin with the boat safely moored in the shelter of some tidal backwater far from the boisterous weather "outside." Writers 100 years apart seem to have the same affection for this life judging from these three books.

Swin, Swale & Swatchway, originally published in 1892, sets the scene with an overall look at the life and then a comprehensive overview of all that readers could enjoy around the estuary. Obviously this is dated material, and unless you are local (in the UK!), the names that come at you thick and fast will have little meaning and I don't advise trying to fit them all into a mental picture. To the extent possible just enjoy

Published in 1892 in a small and now scarce edition, *Swin, Swale & Swatchway* predates and inspires both Maurice Griffiths and Francis B. Cooke in giving us the sailor's experience of London's doorstep wilderness, the Thames Estuary and the boats and characters inhabiting it in late Victorian times. These charming adventures and human encounters have an engaging immediacy about them and are enhanced by the author's many photographs, which have weathered the years well to provide a priceless glimpse of a perhaps familiar territory, but in a time long gone from us. Herewith a brief description from the cover:

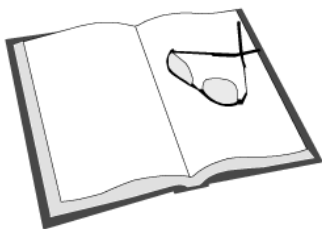
"The tide made up very fast and soon we weighed and started for Havengore over the sands, but the sight of a horse and cart crossing the entrance of the creek showed us that we were too soon to get in; we therefore brought up again, and byandbye one of the light barges made a start and stood in under foresail and topsail."

"We weighed anchor, having about four feet of water, where we were on the flat to windward of the creek, and bearing up we ran down to the beacons, sounding as we went with the boathook, ready to run her off if the water shoaled too much, and standing by to flatten in the sheets as soon as the water deepened, and we reached the creek. The old barge had got into the channel between the beacons all right, but having little way on, and no mainsail set, she was all the time sagging to leeward, and at last she stuck fast on the lee side of the channel, just on the point of the bend.

Herewith the rather lengthy Introductory that sets the scene:

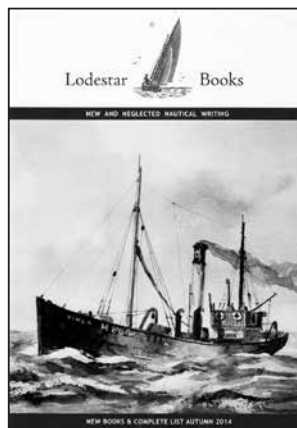
Introductory

Switzerland is often called the playground of Europe, and of those who crowd 8 – *Messing About in Boats*, December 2014



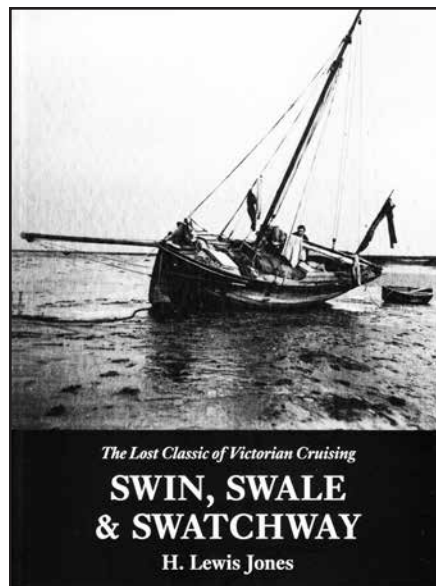
Book Reviews

Reviews by Bob Hicks



Swin, Swale & Swatchway A Lost Classic of Victorian Cruising

By H. Lewis Jones



thither every summer for their holiday not a few are dwellers in our modern Babylon; but there is another glorious playground close at home for Londoners which is not nearly so much used nor so well known as it deserves, and that is the lower Thames, from Gravesend to the Nore, with the Medway and

the descriptions of conditions and assorted experiences described.

Under the Cabin Lamp, A Yachtsman's Gossip is more fun to read, lots of tales told in that snug cabin during the first half of the 20th century. Same area, less comprehensive detail about all the places visited in these tales. Don't be misled by that "yachtsman" in the title, these are "little yachts" under 20' usually.

Sea Country is contemporary today, here's the author doing the same stuff as the earlier guys, his nickname being "Creek Crawler." Interesting to learn how little many of these places have changed over the span of 100 years and how the same enthusiasm still arises amongst area small "yachtsmen." The author's yacht, to set some scale to this, is a "16" gaffer."

Lodestar's Martin O'Scannell states, "When Lodestar Books began in late 2009 with *Holmes of the Humber*, I could not have foreseen the chord we would strike around the globe with lovers of small boats." Now his list of books in his Autumn 2014 catalog totals 20 in all. We have already reviewed one earlier, a contemporary "sail and oar story," *Catalan Castaway*. We've got a couple more in hand for upcoming issues, *Blokes Up North* and *The Lugworm Chronicles*. For a look at his catalog online just google Lodestar Books and go to the "Browse Shop."

Herewith the three books featured in this issue with the publisher's descriptions and a sample chapter from each for your enjoyment.

its numerous creeks, the Swale, and those almost unknown Essex rivers, the Crouch, the Roach and the Blackwater, which in their tidal reaches offer such a fine sailing ground for small craft, as the few who have explored them very well know.

The upper Thames is all very well in its way, with its houseboats, waterparties, gaudy coloured blazers, banjo accompaniments and such soft delights, but it is all tame when compared with the stirring incidents of salt-water sailing; and those bolder spirits who can enjoy roughing it do find in and about Sea Reach an endless variety of adventure and of mimic hardship, and breezes ten times more invigorating than any to be had in the Thames valley.

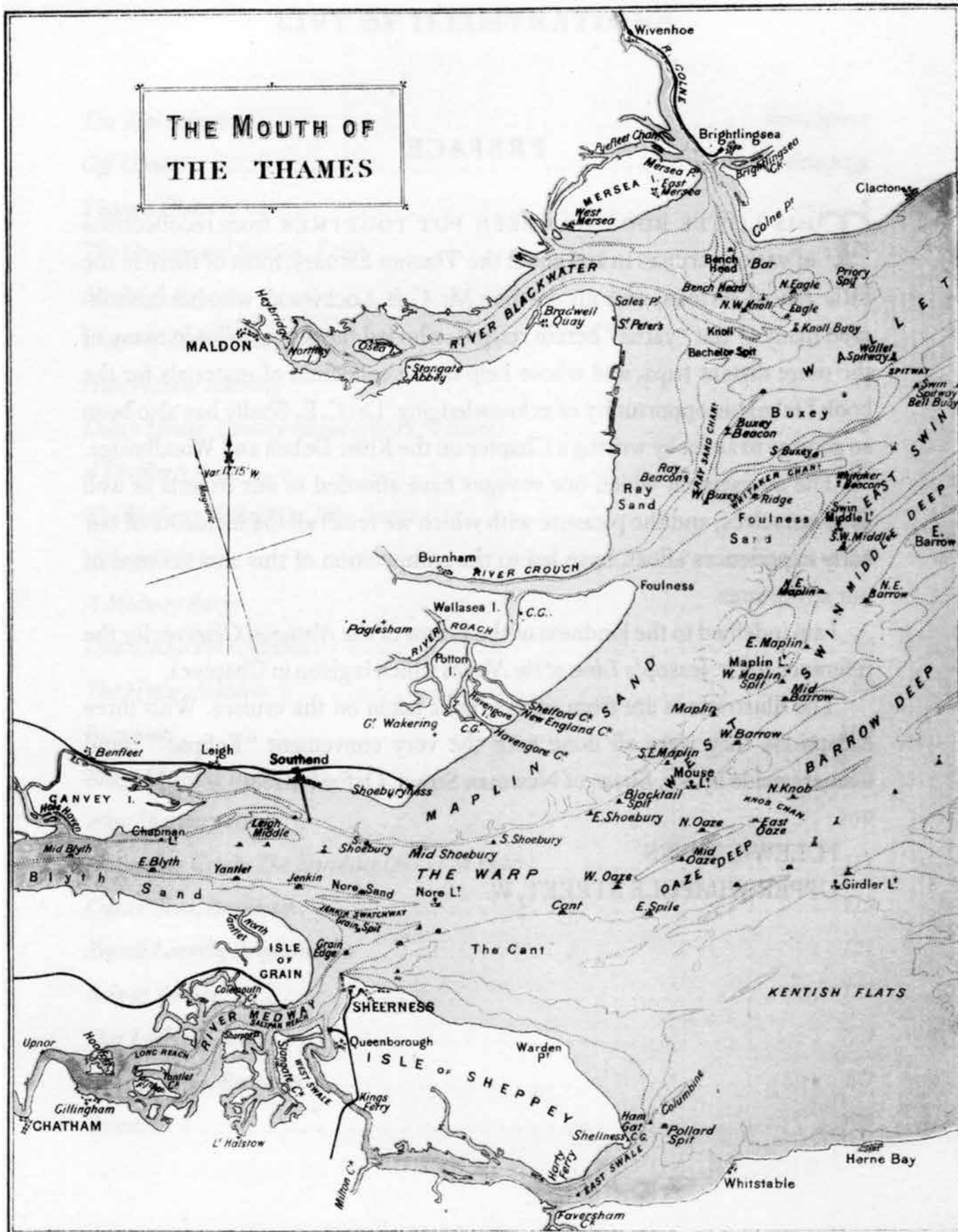
At the Thames mouth the jaded Londoner can, if he pleases, spend his Saturday to Monday in a new world, breathing a keen seaair, and can fancy himself another Columbus as he anchors for the night in some lonely creek in an angle of the world wellnigh inaccessible except in a small boat, and, if the thought gives him any satisfaction, he can feel, as the MajorGeneral's daughters did in the *Pirates of Penzance*, that he is in a spot where human foot has never trod before. Snugly berthed in the little two or three tonner, which he has learnt to trust, and which he knows will take him safely home when the time comes to catch his last train for London, he can serenely contemplate the sunset through a grateful cloud of tobacco smoke, and think cheerfully of his prospects on the morrow, even if he foresee a dusting while turning the little vessel to windward for home twenty or thirty miles away.

There are many men who love Sea Reach with that true love of salt water which is to be found lurking somewhere in the hearts of most Englishmen, and all through the summer these noble sportsmen are to be

met with, spending their weekends on their little yachts, and picking up health and hardening their fibre for that struggle for existence which grows more and more deadly every year; but their numbers are as naught com-

sailormen if only they knew how to take the first step, and could be made aware of the fun to be had in pottering about in those nooks and corners of the Kent and Essex shores which are to be found by those who care to

that too often the yachtsman's ideas seem unable to soar above the same old cruises to Chatham or to Queenborough, to Hole Haven or to Ramsgate, as though to do these were to exhaust the resources of the Thames mouth.



desire to go ashore which seems to come on after a man has been a few hours in a boat, which compels him to forsake his vessel as soon as ever his anchor is down and his sails stowed, in order that he may go and loaf on shore. This feeling naturally drives him to the seaports and towns, and stands in the way of that full knowledge of the rivers which is learnt by those who can enjoy the solitude of an anchorage "far from the madding crowd."

Perhaps, after all, this is the fault of some old Viking instinct in the blood, which sees in each town some prospect of plunder or "diversion" and additional support to this view is to be found in the manner in which these descents upon the coast are performed, for when your boat sailor has made his passage, regardless of appearances, he will go ashore in all the pride of his old jersey, seacoat and thigh boots, carrying possibly the ship's bucket in his hand to carry off his plunder in.

He seems to regard the town, or highly respectable cathedral city, no more than if it were a desert island, the shops are merely convenient stores of the needful victuals for the cruise, and what the natives think of him is as nothing in his eyes. I have known men who at home are most particular about their dress and appearance in public, to go about a town (that is, if they have reached it by small boat) in an old flannel shirt, open at the neck, and with no collar, or wearing sea boots and a Cardigan jacket (which is like to level all ranks by making everyone look like a cabin steward), and in this garb to make their purchases.

I have heard of a man, a Master of Arts, or an LL. D., or something of that kind, who went into Southend thus attired to buy strawberries, taking the boat's bucket along to carry them in, and he was such a sight that an indignant native on the pier couldn't help asking him if he thought they were all savages there, that he went about in such a disreputable style; and when he called for letters at the post office, the good and kind postmistress handed him a postcard, saying, "Shall I read it to you, my man?"

It is true that collars do not keep well if kicked about a small boat, or stowed under the mattress for a day or two at a time; and it is also very difficult, according to Charles Kingsley, for anyone to look like a gentleman when he has no collar on; but one way out of the difficulty is to wear a blue jersey with a high neck to it, for this provides at least a kind of covering or collar for the throat, and looks better than a muffler, the latter being at least a little out of place on a broiling hot day.

I should like to see an essay written by some learned professor of moral science upon the peculiar state of mind which is produced by living much at sea. That there is such a peculiarity is acknowledged by the manners and customs which we recognise as the attributes of the stage sailor, and most of us have had opportunities of recognising their free and independent spirit, be they men-of-war's men, enjoying a day's leave on shore, and knocking one another down for the pure fun of the thing, or be they merchantmen or fishermen, but especially does it show itself among fishermen, whose tendencies can develop uncontrolled by the strict discipline which is found on big ships.

Fishermen everywhere assume to themselves as a matter of course a superiority over the landmen of their own neighbourhood, whom they somewhat contemptuously call "countrymen;" and, in addition to the smartness and selfreliance which is brought

out by the risks and chances of their calling, they seem to preserve a large amount of the old predatory instinct, due perhaps to the fact that they hunt for their daily bread in a more primitive and direct way than most other folks; possibly, too, there is something in their temporary escape from police and other supervision while at sea which may at times seduce them into a belief that force is a sufficient remedy, and that everybody must protect himself or go to the wall.

Once when crosstacking, in company with another little boat, I asked the fisherman who was with us whether he meant to stand on or to give way, and his reply was significant enough: "We are bigger than what they are, we may as well stand on." Nevertheless I think that sailors, and fishermen, and barge-men, look with a kindly eye upon the amateur boat sailor, who is their swallow, the harbinger of summer weather, and no more a competitor of theirs in the struggle for existence than the swallow is of the seagull, and they are generally ready enough to give way to a small boat when she and they are working to windward together, provided, of course, that the little one be on the starboard tack.

We have always made it a rule in meeting another vessel to let them see what we mean to do. If a boat means to bear away, let her do so in good time; or if she means to luff up and stand on, let her make it plain from the first. Nothing is more annoying than to see an approaching boat bear up one minute and come to the next, as though not knowing her own mind.

It has been our good fortune to sail a boat for the past five years, part of the time about Chatham and the Medway in a little twoton cutter, *The Wild Rose* and afterwards in the *Teal*, a four tonner, yawlrigged, in Sea Reach and round about the Thames Estuary, and we have been surprised that men do not seem to know or care about knowing the creeks and anchorages in outoftheway spots. One rarely sees little vessels except in a few of the best known places.

How many of the owners of small craft, I would ask, know the ins and outs of Col- emouth Creek, of Stangate, or the Yantlet to the south of Long Reach in the Medway, or can get in or out of Havengore Creek, or have been to Paglesham or Mersea Island, all these places being retreats, at once picturesque, novel and delightful? When questioned, they have heard of them, but have never been there; or say they would like to go if they knew the channel, and were not afraid of getting stuck up on shore.

Nowadays, improvements in hull and rig make it possible to put to sea safely in smaller and less costly craft than formerly, and many of the keenest members of the yachting world are to be found among the men who can enjoy the mimic (?) hardships of a little 18' or 20' boat, and can feel at home in the short seas and yeasty popple generally found about the Nore.

Give us the man who can greet with laughter the spray as it comes smashing aft over the weather bow and thinks it a good joke to find his sea boots full of water, which has reached them down the back of his neck, and can think of the wellearned pipe of peace which he will enjoy when he has found his way into some little harbour, and has changed his wet things and is demolishing his supper in comfort. He will chuckle when he thinks of the time when he had to be content, from lack of knowledge, to spend the night

anchored outside rolling heavily, as one may see little craft roll many a time off Southend Pier, off Port Victoria, or on the edge of the Bligh Sand.

To our minds, there is nothing more conducive to mental repose than the sight of a harbour or navigable river with its ever-changing views of coasters, barges and other small craft, each one a study in itself; and we know a man eminent in his profession who is satisfied that no one can tread the "serener heights" of surgery unless he sails a small boat, and he says that he has often left London feeling as cross as a lady postoffice clerk, but that after loitering an hour by the water-side at Gravesend, Sheerness or Chatham, he finds himself calming down, so that a child might play with him.

Fielding, in the account of his *Voyage to Lisbon*, seems to have felt this influence of the Thames and shipping, for he breaks out into philosophical reflections on the subject, as for instance, "I cannot pass by another observation on the deplorable want of taste in our enjoyments, which we show by almost totally neglecting the pursuit of what seems to me the highest degree of amusement, this is the sailing ourselves in little vessels of our own, contrived only for our ease and accommodation."

This amusement I confess, if enjoyed in any perfection, would be of the expensive kind; but such expense would not exceed the reach of a moderate fortune, and would fall very short of the prices which are daily paid for pleasures of a far inferior rate. The truth, I believe, is that sailing in the manner I have just mentioned is a pleasure rather unknown or unthought of than rejected by those who have experienced it."

Then in another place he says: "For my own part I confess myself so entirely fond of a sea prospect that I think nothing on land can equal it; and, if it be set off with shipping, I desire to borrow no ornament from the terra firma." And he describes the pleasure he enjoyed "in viewing a succession of ships with all their sails expanded to the winds bounding over the waves before us."

See, too, in the book, which can now be bought for sixpence, the amusing story of a collision with a codsmack at Gravesend, and the observations of the shrewd old Bow Street police magistrate upon the manners and customs of sailors and waterside folk.

The Hon. Roger North (time 1685) has a very interesting account of his little yacht, which he kept in London, and used for making passages down Swin, and so forth. He says: "I was extremely fond of being master of anything that would sail; and Mr. John Windham encouraged me with a present of a yacht, which I kept four years on the Thames, and received great delight in her."

This yacht was small, but had a cabin and a bedroom athwart ships aft the mast and a large locker at the helm; the cookroom, with a cabin for a servant, was forward on, with a small chimney at the very prow. Her ordinary sail was a boom mainsail, a stay foresail and a jib; all wrought aft, so we could sail without a hand ahead, which was very troublesome because of the spray that was not (sailing to windward) to be endured.

She was not a good seaboat, because she was open aft, and might ship a sea to sink her, especially before the wind in a storm, but in the river she would sail tolerably and work extraordinarily well. She was ballasted with cast lead. It was a constant entertainment to sail against smacks and hoys, of which the

river was always full. At stretch they were too hard for me, but by I had the better, for I commonly did in two what they could scarce get in three boards."

He further tells us that when he went for a long trip he laid in cold meats in tin cases, bottles of beer, ale, and for the seamen brandy, adding, "and though our meat was coarse (beef for the most part), yet no epicure enjoyed it so much as we did."

With a good gale they "got down in one tide as low as the Ooze Edge, where is a buoy," and there lay for the next tide. "In the evening the wind slackened and the surge yet wrought, which was a most uneasy condition to lie, stamping and tossing without a breath of wind to pay our sail, which flapped about most uneasily. There was wind aloft, though I was too humble enjoy it, for empty colliers came down with topsails out, full bunted, and bows rustling, which did not a little provoke me; but patience is a seaman's capital and necessary virtue." Next morning they weighed anchor and proceeded, and with a fresh wind stemmed the tide, and, "it being high water at the spits, we ran over all past the Gunfleet" and reached Harwich.

"There was little remarkable," he informs us, in this day's voyage, "only that I, with my friend Mr. Chute, sat before the mast in the hatchway, with prospectives and books, the magazine of provisions, and a boy to make a fire and help broil, make tea, chocolate, etc.; and thus, passing alternately from one entertainment to another, we sat out eight whole hours and scarce knew what time was past. For the day proved cool, the gale brisk, air clear and no inconvenience to molest us, nor wants to trouble our thoughts, neither business to importune nor formalities to tease us, so that we came nearer to a perfection of life there than I was ever sensible of otherwise."

Good old Roger North; what an example he sets for the "top practices in Chancery" of the present day. And the rest of his acts and of his cruise, and all that he did, must sought for in his own autobiography; and very entertaining it is.

His remarks are all as fresh and as suitable to the present time as though written yesterday, instead of over two hundred years ago. He comments upon the ugly shelf at the point of the country between the Thames and Maldon waters," the Whitaker and Buxey and says that there were several wrecks upon it. There are some now, and doubtless there have been others; keeping up a sort of apostolic succession of wrecks all through the two hundred years which have elapsed, and tells us that there is a great mast set down at the point which they call the Shoe Beacon. From an old map this seems to have stood about where the Maplin lighthouse now is.

In the early days of the *Teal* she possessed a petroleum stove for cooking and for two years did her crew groan and suffer under that incubus. One of our friends declares that he never smells petroleum to this day without thinking of the *Teal*. It infected the whole boat, and, what is more, it took about an hour to boll the kettle over the thing. At last we revolted, threw it overboard, and tried another. But that soon followed the first one; and we bought a good and very powerful spirit apparatus. What a comfort the change was! How we ever endured the petroleum horror is a mystery!

The boat is a great source of amusement to some of our friends; and they never seem tired of asking us the same questions, the

following being samples: "Do you sleep on board? What do you do at night; you don't sail all the time, I suppose? What do you do when you want to anchor? I suppose you take a man to sail the boat for you."

Once I was asked by a friend, to whom I showed a photograph of a Thames barge, whether that was the ship I went to Australia in; and, on another occasion, a lady refused to take the slightest interest in a pretty picture of a yacht under sail, because it did not belong to anyone that she knew. The continual repetition of the same questions about the boat reminds one of the questions people invariably address to amateur photographers. "I suppose you use those new dry plates." (N. B. Ninety-nine amateurs out of a hundred have never seen any other sort, and it is rather a stretch of the imagination to call dry plates new in these days.) "Do you use the instantaneous process? Do you think they will ever be able to photograph in colours?" That is the regular broadside; and I ask my photographic friends how often they have been called upon to face it?

The first problem to be seriously considered is the kind of boat best suited for cruising at the mouth of the Thames. In the first place, those who have big vessels or small deep racing craft are shut out of a great deal of the amusement of exploring the creeks and odd corners of the river; to them it is a serious matter to get "ketchd up on a bit of a spit," so they are not likely to look upon such a state of things as fun, nor to run even the smallest risk of it: not that it is at all necessary for the explorer of creeks to run aground whenever he goes for a cruise, please don't think that, critical reader.

Although to be hard and fast ashore must not be thought to be a constant practice of ours, yet it is important that if such a contingency should arise, even once in a season, it is very different when the result is merely a certain degree of discomfort than when it is a matter of serious anxiety whether she will float again when the tide returns. We have been well brought up to "follow the sea" by the trusty Benson, and to use the lead line and the sounding pole in a proper manner, and when there is a passage to be made, or when the tide is ebbing, we can manage to keep clear of the points, for to lie aground on the mud for several hours at a time plays no part in the cruises of the *Teal*, though on a flowing tide and in fine weather we may sometimes allow ourselves to cut it a little fine round the tail of a spit.

The advantages of a 3' draught are that the man with a slender purse can explore the vasty deeps (and shallows) of the Thames estuary and enjoy himself quite as much as his deepkeeled brethren, for he can go into the very places which they avoid like poison; and further, he picks up any amount of local knowledge of the river, from the careful study of the channels with chart and lead line, and soon grows into an accomplished mud pilot, able to take the boat clear through devious channels, and by so doing to cut off long stretches of turning to windward, and to save many a valuable halfhour when time is short.

Give us a boat drawing from 3' to 3'6", with 6' or 7' beam, and 20' on the waterline, strongly built, a full model and fairly high topsides; not too much keel, but what there is carried well fore and to hold her well up to windward in a rough sea, with a ton of lead ballast and a snug sail plan, yawl or cutter, the former for choice, because by stowing

mizzen and putting on a smaller jib, the craft can be so rapidly snugged for a stiff peck to windward, without the bother of reefing the mainsail and because it is a real advantage to be able to sail under jib and mizzen when proceeding with caution in unknown waters, or when about to bring up in a crowded harbour. Such a boat as this is big enough to stand a lot of weather and is not too heavy to be helped round with an oar or shoved off should she get ashore even on a falling tide, if the crew go aft or forward as need be, to alter the vessel's trim. Once or twice, at critical times, our crew has even tumbled overboard en masse to help her off the sands.

The sail area a boat can safely carry depends so much upon the skill of her crew that they must be the best judges of what they are prepared to tackle, merely bearing in mind that perpetual reefing is intolerable, and that in Sea Reach and the Swin Channel there is usually as much wind as a 20' boat wants; and that, after all, the whole object of the business is to enjoy oneself and have the benefit of salt-water holidays, and not merely to go in for sailorising and thrashing her through it. The man who talks most of the delights of heavy weather is usually the one who has not had much of it, for when he has he is usually well able to appreciate the comfort of fine weather. Still a fast boat is useful at times, but speed is not safe if it be got from oversparring.

The decks and cabin top must be strong and good and watertight, and though too much of a cabin top looks lubberly, and rather spoils the smartness of a craft, yet when a small boat has to serve a double purpose, namely, to be first a boat, and secondly a floating house, one must have shelter and live with some approach to comfort while away on the cruise, therefore cabin room and good sleeping accommodation, dry and warm, are essential. No one can enjoy small boat sailing unless he can keep himself warm and dry at night, so as to sleep well and awake in the morning refreshed, and with a cheerful countenance, at any hour by the clock. Rain, spray and cold wind can be disregarded by day if there is the certainty of a dry, warm cabin for the evening and night.

An useful part of one's outfit in these days is a camera, especially one of the modern detective or hand cameras, for to snatch the visions of the fleeting hours, and preserve them in the form of negatives for future use on winter evenings with the magic lantern.

The actual size of a boat is less important than its handiness, as is well seen in the way a Thames barge of eighty tons can be managed by its crew of two men, and on a small boat everything should be planned with that object steadily in view. The jib should traverse clear of the forestay, or, at any rate, it should work without any need to go forward to clear it every time the boat is in stays; and the jibsheet, too, should run freely without the necessity of overhauling them; the working of a boat cannot be too easy; there are plenty of opportunities for sailorising in the handiest of boats, and any extra labour, however slight, soon becomes troublesome, and swallows up the energy which can be better applied in making the passage.

Problem number two: What is the best place for a Londoner to make his headquarters, and to keep his boat in? This is an awful problem. There is no best place, although there are several good ones, but each has some drawback. Either there is too much traffic, and a consequent risk of being run into

at anchor, or there is no room for a comfortable berth, or there is a bad train service, or no one to take care of her when the owners are away, or she takes the ground for too long at low water. These are the chief difficulties, though not the only and perfect headquarters have yet to be discovered.

Among the possible places are Erith, Purfleet, Greenhithe, Gravesend, Tilbury, Hole Haven, Leigh, Southend, Sheerness, Queenborough, Port Victoria, Upnor, Chatham, Rochester Bridge, all with some advantages and all with drawbacks.

We have kept our little vessel at Leigh for three or four seasons; and, although we grum-

ble regularly in true British fashion at the disadvantages of the place, and constantly threaten that we will stand them no longer, but go elsewhere, yet we don't go. The place has good points as well as disadvantages and these, helped by force of habit, have combined to keep us there year after year. All places where men keep their boats have some fault; so we prefer hear the ills we have, and put up with the one great drawback to Leigh, namely the lack of water.

The *Teal* floats at her mooring for about three hours each high water time, aground for the remainder of the tide, and this has to be met by suiting departure to the tides, or by having the boat laid off in deep water, so

that we can then row out or walk out over the mud in sea boots to her on arrival. All this, of course, is a nuisance; but, on the other hand, we have at Leigh a good and cheap train service, especially now that most fast trains for Southend stop at Leigh to take tickets. The boat lies close to the railway station. We have the most excellent of boatkeepers, with a convenient shed and we are free from all risks of collision; and, as she dries out each tide, her bottom keeps free from weed. Moreover, there is no time lost in getting to sea, no journey up and down a horrible river swarming with steamers to use up half one's time before the open water of Sea Reach can be gained.

The ordinary yachtsman has many yarns to tell, but his gossip is mostly of a homely variety. He has cruised from port to port, and he may have sailed in big yachts as well as little. He has almost certainly been disreputable while cruising, with horny hands and two or three day's stubble on his chin; but he may also have been neat and respectable on shining decks at Cowes.

He has 'taken it green' when thrashing to windward down Channel; and he has dreamed and idled on halcyon seas and landlocked waters. Under sail he has dodged the big ships and the tugs and lighters in busy ports; and he has ghosted in moonlight on deserted seaways.

Recollections of this kind are told under the cabin lamp, when sails are furled and the anchor is down. "We all have our own stories and topics," says the author, "and here are a few of mine." They carry with them the smell of salt water and the ocean wind, these tales of London's river and Thames mouth, of the Suffolk coast, of Cowes and the Solent, of Devon and Cornish waters, tales, too, of the brave old *Britannia*, of adventure into Broadland, of cruising and racing, and of stormy passages and peaceful havens.

In this delightful book first published in 1950 and (we believe) out of print since, author Tripp's words and pen masterfully evoke the English cruising scene during the first half of the twentieth century. Herewith one short chapter:

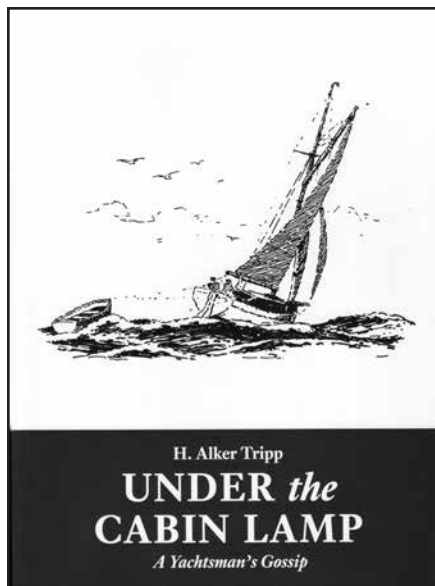
"The Habit Of Hibernating" From *Under the Cabin Lamp*

Only the few it is who keep their yachts fitted out all the year round. Speaking for myself, my own habit has always been to hibernate. It is not so much the cold as the long nights that deter one from winter weekends. The cold was a factor all the same. True, the coalfire in the cabin could make a prodigious fug in the evening and the early part of the night, but the penetrating chill of the small hours had to be experienced to be believed; it seemed to find its way even through a haystack of blankets. I dare say that an anthracite stove overcomes the nightchill; but anyway, as already suggested, it is not so much the cold as the dark that is the real enemy of winter cruising. Unless you can get the day off, you arrive on Saturday evening in the twilight. For these reasons, among others, I always laid up.

My shipmate and I, however, used in the old days to lay up only for a short winter. The shortest was when one year we laid up in early December and fitted out again early in the following March. But we had laid up. It was so well worthwhile, because the return to the waterside was such a thrill. We stood at

Under the Cabin Lamp A Yachtsman's Gossip

By H. Alker Tripp



the creek side again and surveyed the familiar scene; it had a new savour, a fresh charm. We went on board and heaved a sigh of content. The pause had done its work, having brought this fresh halo to the whole picture.

Colour was grey and dingy at the Burnham waterside one afternoon in March. The yacht was fitted out, and was already at her moorings; but the shore jobs seemed to be endless. Darkness was complete before my shipmate and I had finished them and were fairly on board, but we thrilled to the atmosphere of everything. The lamplit cabin was heaven, and the laplap and murmur of the tide against the hull was music of the spheres.

Blankets were inadequate that night, I remember, and the night was bitter. I was up at five in the dark to creep about the deck and to love it all, and at six I was off in the dinghy (while my companion still slept) to row round the yacht and feast my eyes on her. The rapture of it all!

Rain began. There was hardly any wind, and a pitiless rain all day. High water would be soon after midday, and all that we could do was to beat up to Farnbridge in the torrents. There we anchored and drank hot tea in the cabin while the rain pattering over the decks above. The day may have looked dreary

enough to casual beholder; to us it was a pure delight. The rain ceased in the evening, the two of us sat on the cabin top in the darkness at the mooring at Burnham; watched the lights reflected in the water and listened to the ripple of the tide. Things meant much to us after the hibernation.

Next weekend was better still. True, the Saturday evening was grey and overcast but there was a decent sailing breeze. The mooring buoy was overboard at 5pm; with a fair wind and a racing ebb we dropped down between the flat banks Crouch and were soon at sea. The old horizons, the old, wellloved wide expanse of treacherous shoalsea! With the glasses I picked up each familiar buoy and icon and claimed each as a long lost friend. I can savour the joy of it still. The breeze freshened, and the clouds rolled clear of the sun, which was by this time setting, a great red ball of fire over the Dengie Flats. The distances were so that we were quite out of sight of land.

In the twilight the seas were lumpy; they were breaking on the tail of the shoal as we scudded over, with little enough to spare, and darkness was upon us before we had gradually worked our way, on the wind, inshore towards the Bar buoy. Everything was a voyage of discovery and romance. In the lee of Mersea Island we anchored for a meal, and then we decided to sail over to the Bradwell shore and bring up there for the night. From the warmth and light of the cabin we turned out into a dark and breezy night. The yacht was rocking merrily. Side lights up, we reached down the Colne, keeping look out for unlighted buoys, and then we turned to windward until we could get a sheltered berth close to the southern shore.

At 3.30 a.m. we let go our anchor; and I lingered on deck before I turned in. It all seemed too incredibly be true, this space, this freedom, this dark, windstreaked water, and, this little wonderful yacht.

Each spring brings its own reawakening and pleasure; it never loses its zest.



Sea Country is Tony Smith's name for that sprawling and magical world on London's doorstep where land and water alternate twice each day: a world of wonder accessible by those of shoal draft persuasion, prepared to take their time and respect the ways of nature.

Tony is well-known through his *Creeksailor* blog and from a base in his beloved River Blackwater, which he knows intimately, he takes us to London in the west, Kent in the south, and Suffolk in the east to acquaint us with those shorelines and some of the people and curiosities to be found there. Leigh cocklers, the only lighthouse in London, abandoned forts, the Broomway, a Thames Bawley, these and more are all there.

Tony's trusty vessel in these journeys is the renowned 16' gaffer, *Shoal Waters*, made famous throughout 50 years of cruising by they late and redoubtable Charles Stock.

Herewith is Chapter 1 in which Tony explains the nature of his obsession:

"Creek Sailing"

A look on the chart of the East Coast shows us that there are a dozen or so tidal rivers that indent it from North Foreland, Kent in the south, up to Orfordness, Suffolk in the north. This wider area is called the Thames Estuary, a vast triangular, shoal studded stretch of water off the southeast of England and in the southern corner of the North Sea, encompassing approximately 400 square miles. Inside these rivers can be found hundreds of smaller creeks, some of them resembling small rivers in themselves, where relatively safe sailing can be found.

My 16'6" miniature gaff cutter *Shoal Waters* is kept on a drying mud mooring in a picturesque creek in the county of Essex. The Essex coastline is approximately 350 miles long. Not a straight line of coast but a ragged, low, marshy coast profusely indented by the sea's tentacles that have spread vein-like inland, forming a modern day creeksailor's heaven.

There is evidence that ancient communities once dwelt on the shores here gathering salt, and Roman Legions, religious saints, raiding Vikings and 17th century smugglers have all left their mark here too.

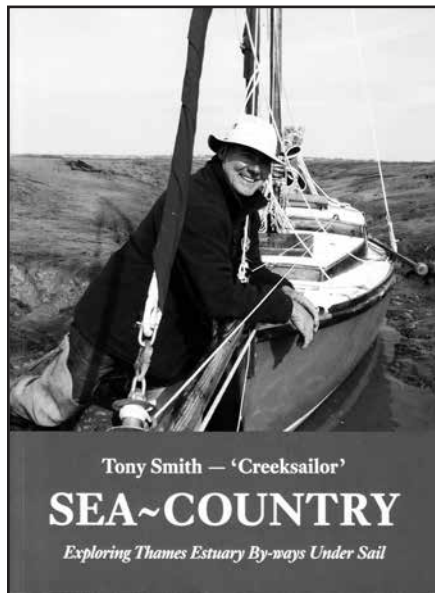
The late 19th and early 20th century saw the heyday of the ubiquitous flatbottomed Thames sailing barge, built to transport goods around the shallow East Coast and serve farm wharves that sit at the head of many creeks. They too, along with other abandoned 'hulks', have in one way or another left their mark on this salty corner of Britain.

For the potential visitor it is useful to know that some creeks reveal themselves at or near low water when they become shallow gutways that interweave a muddy estuary. Others are saltmarshfringed, narrow and twisting channels that can only be navigated around the high water mark. Some are a mixture of the two.

There are many terms used to describe the form of sailing that takes place in these murky waters such as ditchcrawling, mud-hopping, creekcrawling to name a few, but I like to refer to this perhaps somewhat esoteric activity as creek-sailing. Creeksailing can often cover the gamut of small boat cruising. In my local estuary for example, the River Blackwater in Essex, there are 64 named creeks and dozens more without names that I know of and have explored. Nearby and within an easy day's sailing there are the Riv-

Sea-Country Exploring the Thames Estuary Byways Under Sail

By Tony Smith - "Creeksailor"



ers Colne, Crouch and Roach which have their own creeks and offshoots that can all be reached on the next high tide.

One of the prettiest little creeks I have ventured in along the whole East Coast is the delightful and somewhat treacherous Fingringhoe Creek, also known as the Roman River, off the River Colne. This creek begins with a huge mud shoal on the first bend and continues to try and trip you up every turn it makes through some of Essex's hillier sea-country, and the reward at its head is to be taken back in time into a Victorian country setting by a magnificently restored and converted tide mill and granary building. A challenge that is hard to resist.

However, there comes a time when even the most avid creek sailor might wish to extend his cruising ground and explore creeks in other areas, such as the delightfully-named Bedlams Bottom in Funton Creek in the River Medway estuary, or venture up to Arthur Ransome's Secret Water in the Walton Backwaters and test one's wit in the narrow waters of Beaumont Cut. Into the River Orwell even, or that mudfilled outpost that is Johnny All Alone Creek, in the River Stour. Tackle the shifting sandbars of Suffolk's River Deben and River Ore where you could be late on the tide to visit the Deben's 'Early Creek' or that well known anchorage in the Ore's Butley Creek where a boat arrives on the tide for a day at anchor and stays for a week or two!

For the smallboat sailor, moving along the coast between these rivers does require more careful planning and wise use of weather and tides, and it is more often than not on these occasions when there are whiteknuckle moments as you head out of the confines and safety of the local estuary to venture along the open coast before heading inland again for your targeted creek. Having made your early arrival there is the excitement of anticipation, as your chosen creek slowly becomes navigable by the mystery of the tides.

For the most part the creek environment is remote, uncluttered and peaceful, with a soundtrack of wild nature. The creeks can be looked upon as capillaries of the sea too, for they are full of nutrients which wading birds feed on and are where edible marsh samphire (sea asparagus), sea purslane, oysters and winkles grow in abundance. This is something that even the Romans knew about, for it is widely thought they too used the muddy creeks to grow oysters.

While exploring in the majority of creeks the creeksailor finds his way not by navigation buoys but by sensual feeling of the shallow depths and eyeing the eerie, ghostly-looking withies that inhabit them. These withies are in the main cutdown branches that mark oyster layings or mud shoals that would otherwise trap an unwary skipper. But often they can be more sinister-looking metal affairs that could put a hole your boat, and mark only what the person who put them there knows.

After the Second World War and when more reliable roads were built the coastal transportation of goods by sea declined rapidly, and many an old boat was run up a creek and abandoned to become at one with the marshes. Many of these wrecks, hulks as they are known on the East Coast, still reside in quiet corners of creeks where they never fail to intrigue the passing sailor with their history, blistering, twisted and splintered timbers, or rusting iron you can touch. Every creek has something different about it though. It may be a particular bird species, a wreck, deep mud, a shingle beach, a wharf, trees, buildings, a ghost even. Whatever it is they all have one thing inherently in common, which is the salty tide that flows in and out twice in every twenty four hours.

It all adds up to an interesting and varied cruising ground for the small boat sailor, and today there are thousands of boaters based on this shallow coast who have access to the myriad of tiny creeks; yet still many creeks remain uncharted, quiet and forgotten backwaters. These are the realm of the threefeetdepth waterman, perhaps the ultimate domain of the self-respecting ditchsliders, shallow sailors, thin water sailors, short se afarers and ditchcrawlers.

An intriguing sight for the uninitiated is to see the skipper of a small cruiser stabbing ferociously into the depths with a garden cane in search of more water; the stick is waved almost as a magic wand to produce an even murkier, pasty swirl, to take him even further into his idyll. The kneedeep sailor carries an armoury of hand tools to help him in his never-ending quest for that thinner piece of water, neardry sailing, giving entrance to the thickest of mud or the most sheltered of sandbanks where no other boat has ventured for decades, if at all.

The auxiliary, if of any help thus far, has long been clipped in its up position and forgotten. If one has wellfitted bulkhead compasses they are now next to useless, but a snatched bearing taken quickly by hand is often fruitful. 12volt cabling sending haywire depth signals is of no use to this skipper, but the cane does not lie to those who dwell in water of 3' or less. In deeper than 'stick' water he sinks the lead. But here and now the skipper is at the very pinnacle of his chosen art with both hands on; closequarter working with beanstick, soundingcane bought in bulk from the garden centre, as he can get through many in a season. He stands thrashing to

his favoured side, not clumsily but with a wellpractised setting of the stick at precise moments to read accurately, either from the knuckle in the cane or from the white painted markers set at foot intervals. He alternates this cane wizardry with powerful strokes of the short oar to stay in full command of his little vessel.

Every now and then a short pause is made as the mud below grips his keel. Main-sail is now lowered, or taken in, with sail ties clove hitched; the jib can come in a little too, or stay set just in case. Suddenly a comprehensive array of teamaking facilities takes over the main focus for a short while, and soon enough the little boat wobbles back to life. If not already worn, waterboots or thigh-waders are now donned in case there is an urgent need to hop overboard to free the boat. Frantic jabbing movements are made with the 15' long quant pole either from the side decks or cockpit, often now to no avail as things have become 'real dirty', and only those few of a certain disposition press ahead, for they sense that the reward for their efforts is near. The rudder is now tied in its up position; the centreboard is fully up and cleated tight. A stiff jerking pull from side to side with the tiller in what remains of the 'water due' and the rudder throws thick ooze sloshing along the raised bank.

At this point the boat is now laying in resemblance to a stranded seabass or mul-

let with her rudder hanging next to useless. But all is not lost, as this was his intention, he has achieved his aim, he is at the limit, the extremes of his saltwater habitat and surrounded by the glory of man and woman that is seacountry.

Immediately the greeting call of the reed warbler rings out and redshank scurry along the mud. The everready skipper cleans the tools that have become extension to his creeksailor's arms (now there's a name for a pub) as scent of mud drifts across creek and marshland.

Once you have experienced cruising in these waters it can be difficult to sail anywhere else, for the seaweedfilled, saltmarsh fringed murky coast has a draw of its own. Elsewhere seas are bluer, with whiter waves and warmer waters, but can they ever equal this brown shoalstudded, mudlined creek haven, where one can run aground at will and put the kettle on for a brew?

My collection of closequarter creek-sailing tools includes a variety of paddles and oars and bamboo soundingcane 'sticks'. Even the boathook is marked up to double as a sounder. Over the years I have got through many sticks, through them falling overboard when heeling in rough weather, or through heatofthemoment carelessness. Often time is spent searching over covered ground in search of a favoured stick that has served so well. It's always with a feeling of elation) such as when scoring a goal in football, that

you happen to find them again. I have played about with sticking pieces of lead or taping a thick piece of cork to them to stop them sinking through the really soft stuff. I have also tried with bits of line as a handle to hook onto a part of the boat, but it's not necessary.

Classic East Coast mud is as pure as nature intended. Learn to love this stuff. The soundingcane gives reliable readings when prodding and the technique is to sense the bottom with 'feel'. Surprisingly enough a thin bean stick stops an inch or so in when under its own inertia. Trying to weigh up the bottom texture and depth before attempting to cross it on foot is a good practice. Wading rough deep mud is never an exact science, but sweet and 'smelly' in its most endearing sense it is. I guess correctly (sometimes) that mud would go at least knee deep and be a patch of wellystealer, a Dick Turpin of the low tide seaways. Here is a substrate where maintaining movement and agility is everything; a pair of wooden splachers would slow down the sink effect considerably too. Then again, play safe and find a harder patch nearby.

A minimal draft of 12" allows one to dwell in the habitats only accessible to wading birds. However, it is no secret that a boat drawing 4' should be able to reach most places in the estuary, even if only at the top of a spring tide.



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Since 1943 I have read, and still read, all the books of Norman Skene, Chapelle, L.F. and N.G. Herreshoff, Uffa Fox, Kinney, Bolger, Culler, Gerr, Marchaj, Brewer and Larsson/Eliasson, plus I have two degrees in Naval Architecture. All the above makes me look like I'm pounding my own chest but it is only to show that I know more about boats than the man in the street. One who was interviewed once by Bob & Ray (who remembers them?) when asked, "What do you think of our new President?" replied, "Duh, what's a President?"

Breadth of His Experience

Only Tom Jones in recent times has done it all, designed, built, raced and cruised his resulting boats (six times transatlantic, Caribbean, coastal US) and travelled afar to interview leaders like Crowther (Australia), Chris White, Dick Newick, (Caribbean), Wharram (England) and others (West Coast) to understand the tricky compromises of successful low powered power boats, monohulls and multihulls. He worked for boat builders before going on his own.

Guidance Not Available Elsewhere

He fearlessly relates where these leaders' design compromises have strong and weak points with no fear of lawsuits because it is true. He found the gold in Wharrams's designs, which had a good safety record and

Why I Find Tom Jones' Books Essential

By Jim Wonnell

good voyages despite being slapped together by hippies, overloaded with big dogs, big stoves and pot gardens. Tom improved these designs and explains how. He will praise another's work. He reveals his own biases so you can judge accordingly. (The industry standard is to NEVER make comments, good or bad, because it might lose a customer.)

Tom's comments help with a big problem. You read glossy boat magazines, go to a boat show, a builder. Who and what can you believe? What do you choose? Who helps you figure what is best for you? Usually we blindly buy boat, to boat, to boat, a process of elimination. A volume manufacturer or boat dealer must furnish to meet current expectations of enough people and use persuasive salesmanship or he is out of business. Eight berths in 24' with full headroom and enclosed head is not a good boat, but it sells. Custom builders face similar constraints.

Results

Tom put the findings of these interviews into practice. One little catamaran

took Tom and Carol through the western half of a hurricane unscathed, while two larger production yachts were disabled and their crews unable to function. One of them sank. In another of their boats, loaded down for a two month cruise, Tom and Carol passed a stripped racing monohull which was three times longer. On it, a large crew were making frantic sail changes and trimming everything, but still fell back. Upon it, one deck ape looked over to grin. The owner fumed, "I spent big bucks, for what? To be beaten by two relaxed old people in a scruffy little boat?"

Very good speed, safety, comfortable enough and practical for cruising!

The 30 some boats he put into his books, sail, oar, paddle and power, are designed inexpensively to build and maintain in terms of cost, building time and health hazard. How he fit the design, materials used and production details for that boat's intended use are described in detail, as are the results.

These books are clearly written and illustrated but require some patience because they are not arranged like a textbook. Each focus on a certain end use. For a textbook, you might try Gerr. For cruiser/racer yachts over 30', Larsson/Eliasson. For best shapes of hull and sails, Marchal. But to really reach the what, how and why, for boats under 30', read Tom Jones.

I enjoyed the article by Carol Jones about Tom in the September issue. Like Phil Bolger, he was a creative thinker and a clear and honest writer. He was not the prodigious designer that Phil was and I did not always like his aesthetics, whereas with Phil even his most boxy boats caught my eye. But Tom was a builder and an offshore sailor with unique insights to share and some of his designs really caught my fancy. I have all of Phil's books and Tom's three boat books. (I wasn't aware of the others until Carol mentioned them). From time to time I turn back to all of them, just to browse or look up something specific. But it is Tom's books I seem to be turning to more lately.

Like Phil, Tom sometimes included enough design information so that one could build a boat directly from his books. I built three Bolger dinghies that way (for larger boats I bought the plans). Similarly, I built the "Dandy Dinghy" from Tom's book, *New Plywood Boats*. He stated he got inspiration for the lines from Chapelle's scow schooner plans. I suspect he was also inspired by Phil's "Thomaston Galley." Whatever his sources of inspiration, he came up with a unique, practical nesting dinghy which, to my eye, is also attractive.

Tom wrote several articles for *Small Boat Journal*, which is where I first became acquainted with him. In at least one of those articles he discussed ideas he took from other designers and was criticized for it. In my opinion he was being honest and open and describing the evolutionary design process.

Another similarity to Phil was, despite being busy, he would respond to questions with detailed letters. For a while I was in a multihull phase, but had been unhappy with a 28' demountable trimaran I had built, finding it took three and a half hours to launch or retrieve, no matter how much help I had. I decided "Brine Shrimp" would be perfect with just the single fold. I corresponded with

In Appreciation of Thomas Firth Jones

By Dan Taylor

Tom, bought the plans, built a model and had all of the frames cut out when I came to the conclusion, being already in my late 60s, that even the single fold was more than I wanted to deal with and, living in the Pacific NW, thought a less open boat would be more practical. As a result I am now ready to launch a 19' Norwalk Island Sharpie.

Nevertheless, I sometimes look at the plans or the model of "Brine Shrimp" and think what might have been, or still might be. As I am now 79, if anyone living in the Pacific NW within reach, or who would be willing to pay for the freight and something for handling, I would gladly give the plans and the frames to them and remove the temptation.

One last thing I liked about Tom was the way he would include Carol in his writings as a full partner in all of his endeavors and his superior in sailing skills. In the way Carol described Tom, it is clear they had a unique partnership.

Jones Boats

Thomas Firth Jones
Box 391
Tuckahoe, NJ 08250

Nautical Books

This book is currently out of print please try Amazon

BOATS TO GO (first edition titled **LOW-RESISTANCE BOATS**, IM, softback, \$21.95) Covers the designing and building of fiberglass, wood and plywood boats for paddle, sail and power, by "somebody who does all his own thinking," says Phil Bolger. 24 boats are discussed, and complete plans are shown for 7 of them.

This book is currently out of print please try Amazon

MULTIHULL VOYAGING (Sheridan House, hardback, \$27.50)

Description and sailing techniques, in fair weather and foul, of cats, tris and proas. "Charmingly written as well as illustrated, both amusing and intelligent, an excellent buy for the beginner or the enthusiast," says *Multihull International* magazine.

NEW PLYWOOD BOATS AND A FEW OTHERS (Sheridan House, softback, \$19.95)

A sequel to **BOATS TO GO**, covering 19 boats built or designed in the last 10 years, with plans for 6 of them. Most are plywood, by various techniques. Many new insights, and two special chapters, one about Phil Bolger and the other about details (tools, and making spars, and hardware).

*This book price includes postage.



32nd Annual Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival

By Tracey Munson CBMM

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's (CBMM) 32nd Annual Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival was held October 3-5 in St Michaels, Maryland, with more than 125 boats and 300 registrants hailing from throughout the United States and Canada. More than 1200 museum guests attended the weekend festival as well.

First place winners of the judged categories include James Del Aguila's Rushton canoe *Plover* in the traditional design and construction class, Joe Manning's Marsh Cat in the traditional contemporary class, Larry Haff's outrigger canoe in the contemporary class, Frank Stauss' Deer Isle double ender in the kit boat class and Jeff Rickenbach's wherry.

Other winners included People's Choice awardee Frank Stauss' *Hooligan*, Broken Oar awardee Larry Haff and Fish in the Boat awardees Gary Shepherd, Doug Herman and Larry Haff.

The Joe Liener award went to James Del Aguila for his Rushton canoe *Plover*. The Joe Liener Award was created by CBMM Assistant Curator of Watercraft Richard Scofield to recognize an exceptional traditionally built boat while honoring his mentor and former museum volunteer, Joe Liener.

On Saturday, 12kt winds made for great races along the Miles River. First place winners include the Calvert Marine Museum's *Spirit* in the historic boat builders category, Chris Smith's sunfish in the one sail category, Bill Covert's *Dark Swan* in the sailing canoe category, Harold Bernard's *Annalie* in the sloop category, Jonathan Drake's *Korora* in the small boat category, Eddie Breeden's *Una* in the two mast category, Kevin McDonald's *Little T* in the catboat category and Norm Wolfe *Piilu* in the cruiser class.

First place winners in the rowing/paddling races include Breanna Smith in girl's paddling, Joe Bondmass in boy's paddling, Kristen Greenaway in women's paddling, Patrick Doyle in men's paddling, Walter Crocker in men's oar on gunnel category and Marla Sargent and Lacey England in women's double rowing. In the three legged race George Surgent was first in the 20' and up category with Elias Breeder taking first in the under 20' category.

The Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival is annually held the first weekend in October along the Miles River at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels, Maryland. The 33rd Annual Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival is scheduled for October 2-4, 2015, with more information available at www.cbmm.org/mascf.





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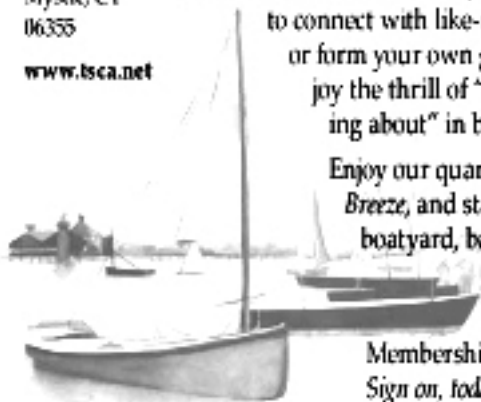
The Traditional Small Craft Association, Inc. (TSCA) works to preserve traditions, skills and lore of small work or pleasure boats developed in the days before internal combustion engines.

Join a growing crew of small boat enthusiasts who paddle, row, pole, or sail some of the finest watercraft ever created.

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Three Guys at the MASCF

By Richard Honan

A sunny Saturday at the Chesapeake Maritime Museum on Maryland's Eastern Shore made for a beautiful setting for the 2014 Mid Atlantic Small Boat Festival. I had a nice day there in early October with brother Bill and good friend Bob, looking over lots of boats and loads of guy stuff. Between the three of us the museum could have hired us as guides. Anything that we didn't know, we just made up, each one trying to outdo the other with another factual gem.

The grounds and wharfs were filled to capacity with boats of every description, sailing canoes, Melonseed sailing skiffs, Whitehall pulling boats, classic one design Comets, sharpies, kayaks and Nutshell prams. Some were meticulously homebuilt projects worthy of being exhibited in a museum, some were boats that were rebuilt after being discovered in an old barn and some were favorite family boats handed down through the generations.

The Chesapeake Maritime Museum itself is worth more than a single day's visit. The museum's collection of fishing and workboats is second to none. The large, well lit sheds were filled with some of the smaller working boats along with several unique duck hunting craft. Along the wharfs there were several large large fishing and oystering boats tied up.

Although this was my first visit to the Chesapeake Maritime Museum, I hope to be back in the spring with my two grandsons to spend another day at this beautiful setting.





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Port Aransas is a lovely little Texas resort town that stands as sentry between Corpus Christi Bay, Aransas Bay and the Gulf of Mexico. Catering to the beach crowd, the fishing crowd and the beach fishing crowd, life in Port A was altered slightly during the weekend of October 17-19 for the first annual PlyWooden Boat Festival. Now, to be sure, plywood boats are NOT a novelty for Port Aransas, this sleepy little city that seems to have as many golf carts running about as it does cars, has been spreading its wings over the Farley Boat Works since 1911. Farley developed regional fame after WWII when they began producing yacht quality fishing boats in the then new material of plywood, making boats particularly well suited for the area around Port Aransas. Holding a plywood boat festival in this town was a no brainer!

The five acres that form the infield of Roberts Point Park, overlooking the Corpus Christi Ship Channel and the Harbor Marina, looked like the infield of a Nascar event with 92 plywood boats (really 89 plywood boats, two cardboard boats and one beautiful lapstrake canoe) on exhibit. Boats that ranged from 8' prams, the ubiquitous Puddle Ducks (including the now famous *Chevy Duck*), a number of beautifully finished examples of Farley's own creations, to a CLC PocketShip, a couple of Scamps, a Glen-L 21 (I think), a Bolger Folding Schooner. Just too many beautiful boats to name! Oh, and one plywood handmade teardrop camper certainly worth adding into the show!

Against this background and at nearly any time during the festival talks were being offered by designers such as John Welsford, Mik Storer, Jacques Mertens and Richard Woods, builders such as Marty Worline and authors such as Tom Pamperin. One could row around the harbor in a couple of boats available for that purpose. One could catch tours of Farley Boat Works and the Port Aransas Museum. One could take the little ones by the Children's Activity Pavilion where young people could build a shrimp boat, an oyster boat, have their face painted (by Terri, ridiculously talented as an artist) or witness various members of the San Antonio Sail and Power Squadron wolfing down fantastic hot dog creations provided by the Hot Dog Lady. For a lucky few, there was the Family Boat Building event. All above was but preliminary for this last from my perspective.

Picture a man (use your Rod Serling inner voice as you read this) so visionary that Setting up on the green.

PlyWood in Port A A Building Coach's Perspective

By Mack McKinney

he must leave his native Alaska and eventually find his way to Texas. This same man, not satisfied to sail his San Francisco Pelican, can only satiate his need for subduing King Neptune by forcing plywood and epoxy together in a buoyant manner. Boats, and lots of boats. Yet still, that is not enough (continue in Serling mode) for he must follow some divine calling to become a boat building evangelist, a Johnny Appleseed of floating plywood concoctions that can only lead him inevitably to be installed as manager of the famous Farley Boat Works and from there into leading another Family Boat Building Event. You have now entered the Coletta Zone (cue familiar spooky music...)

Frank Coletta (the same visionary just referred to) is one of the founders of the Festival, and after recent experience with a family boat building event in another time and place, undertook to help five families (one of the original six families had to back out) do something they had not done before, build a boat. To facilitate this project he was able to get a number of key sponsorships, charge a modest fee for materials and enlist the help of some experienced and not so experienced boat builders as coaches. He also industriously turned the plans for Jim Michalak's QT Skiff into kits for the occasion, complete with bonded joints in the long pieces, filled knot holes, pre cut parts (sometimes REALLY pre cut, more on that later) and pre assembled sides and chines.

Your humble reporter heeded the call of duty and was able to coach one of the most able bodied, good natured, easy going and capable guys I could ever have imagined. Bill was recently retired, Erik, Bill's son, had taken his job over as some sort of fix it guy in the oil fields, Andy was involved in building as well and Bill, Andy's son, was very experienced with tools although I never did hear what he did for a living. Needless to say, tool bags appeared as mysteriously as tea-totaling roughnecks, although the tool bags were a lot more plentiful. Our group was the only one I've ever seen, for example, fire up a gas powered air compressor to use in

cleaning up their boat! At the same time, in the spirit of friendly and good natured Texans, they would freely lend a tool if it was needed, including going to one of the many toolboxes on the flatbed truck and producing some occasionally obscure ones. They knew the tools would return. They were correct.

The actual boat building began Friday afternoon when the groups attached the sides to the precut stems of their future vessels. This included the addition of epoxy and screws to hold the sides in place while the epoxy set. Soon transoms were added to the sides, and in the interest of the epoxy setting properly, some gaps were filled and the boats were left as is until the following morning. I felt like the builders really weren't able to grasp the sense of how much progress had been made at this point, but we tried to fill them in on what to expect the next day.

Sure enough, another beautiful Port A morning found us under the tent and after it. A few adjustments here and there, a little Frank Coletta on a mission bending sides, more epoxy and we were cleaning up the chines to receive the bottom, which was installed before lunch. The bottom to our boat wound up a little shy on one side, it needed to be about 1/2" to 3/4" wider than it was to land completely flush with the outside of the chine. After Frank assured us that this was no big deal as the chines should be covered with fiberglass tape anyway, my group very amiably said, "We'll just add a little more pookie, sand her down and no one will ever know."



A satisfied participant.



Frank Coletta on a mission.

Bending sides.





Launching time arrives.



Proof that I can build my own boat.

Some more sanding, some more filling with epoxy and it was time to let our boats rest for the night. I was shocked at how fast the time went by!

Sunday morning I found my guys at it bright and early. It seems as though they had been pondering the project over beers the evening prior, and seeing something that was boat shaped after a day and a half had lit some fuses, they were ready to git er done! We had some sanding (thank God for 36 grit sanding belts!) some more filling and the addition of breasthooks, transom knees and a couple of crossbraces here and there.

The watershed event, however, was removing the two building molds from the center and forward ends of the boats, which was now by all accounts a boat! Adding those accoutrements, two runners to the bottom of the hull and a little

sanding filler made her water resistant enough to take to the launch ramp and to join the rest of the armada! Lined up on the launch ramp we had a proper christening (with real champagne, not with Natural Light beer as was suggested) and a blessing of the fleet and off our noble vessels were! Yonder, into the harbor!

We all left the launching with the feeling of new friends made, new accomplishments achieved and exciting new boats, built and yet to be built, beckoning to explore tributaries, inlets and fishing ponds. People who never thought they could build a boat had, in fact, built a boat, and a good one at that! People who would have spent hard earned money buying a boat found out they could invest a weekend and a weekend's beer money in lumber and have something they crafted with their own hands. Better yet, families were

brought closer together with this event and that's worth its weight right there.

My bride, Liz, and I decided to leave the boat ramp in order to get our camper hitched up and headed back home. Teetering by the water's edge from fatigue, saying goodbye to my group, Bill the Younger summed up the entire experience for us, he looked over at Andy and then looked back at me and said, "I already know what my next boat build is going to be, a jon boat. That ought to be doable, don't you think?" A hearty "Hell, yes!" was the reply. My final assessment, our resident visionary hit it out of the park!

Mack McKinney Designs



Mack McKinney still remembers his first wooden sailboat ride on Lake Ontario at the ripe old age of five, aboard a boat reported to have been designed and built by the same folks who designed and built the original *Bluenose* schooner. The following year his family purchased an aging Blue Jay, designed by Olin Stephens in an age when about half of the boats encountered were still made of wood. By the time he was eight he was keeping bilges pumped, overseeing mast stepping and generally helping care for the several wooden boats moored near where his families' new 25' sailboat was kept in Wilson,

New York. It was that year that he entered the Junior Sailing Program at the local yacht club where he would learn basics, hone skills and later be recruited to teach sailing lessons. He continues to be infected with the wooden boat bug to this day!

In the meantime, he was also getting into big trouble at school drawing boats of his own design when the authorities, who clearly could not think outside the box, thought he ought to be doing other more important things. As his families' boats grew, Mack's passion and understanding of what makes a good boat did as well, along with his interpretation of "more important things!" He enjoyed a remarkably successful career racing large keelboats in the days of the IOR rule and one design Solings until the mandate for college scuttled his plans to be a sailing bum.

Learning engineering, working for Civil Engineers after college, he has also spent much of his professional career as a Pastor, all the while still drawing boats and teaching himself yacht design in order to satisfy that "itch." Mack has also worked building custom furniture and is an antique woodworking tool enthusiast and educator. In the past he wrote and published a successful hand tool woodworking blog and podcast. He continues to hone his craft through the MacNaughton Yacht Design School, and still is drawing boats when others feel he should be doing something else.

Mack has two children and he lives with his wife Liz in Center Point, Texas.



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Lady Bug got to go to Sucia in July.



Where I practiced the fine art of sitting still, and doing ab-so-lutely NOTHING.



Shenanigan and *Limerick* shared a trailer for the ride to the Toledo, Oregon, Wooden Boat Festival.



The boats had fun.

And so did we...



22 – *Messing About in Boats*, December 2014

Fall is in the Air

By Dan Rogers

All the girls got to dance. And now the party's just about over. Just about. Nights are colder. The sun doesn't come up nearly so early. Fall is in the air. Time to pick the "winter project." Time to plan for motor repairs and trailer fixes for when spring comes again. Time to move the fleet back under a roof. Time to pause, just a moment. Time to remember all the grand adventures and great fun.



Lady Bug went to Priest Lake several times.



Roughneck did a few sea trials at a couple of the local lakes. She still needs work but shows real promise.



Lady Bug and *Punkin' Seed* went on the Moveable Messabout in September.

And so did *Old Salt*.



The girls had fun. And so did the skipper. But now the party's over for another year.



Roughneck came home from storage, got lifted off her trailer and rolled back into the shop. She's gonna get a tugboat fantail and a "nose job" and probably the rest of her interior while the snow flies.

And yet unrestored *Summer of '63* got bumped from the punch list. Again. Still the wallflower. Cinderella, one day yet. Perhaps. But the only girl that didn't get to dance. Not yet anyway.



Townie Hornor was one of those incredible individuals who you would think had lived to the age of 200 (he died at 82) to have done all the things that he did. Amongst the many he hosted one of the few yearly catboat rendezvous that did not include racing but was just a sail, saying this was because he wanted to give the wooden cats a chance to "rest up" from the pounding they got racing in heavy seas.

As part of this weekend event, he would lead a sailing parade around Osterville Grand Island from his home on the east side of West Bay, under the Osterville drawbridge, past Crosby's Boatyard, into North Bay, westerly through the narrows to Cotuit Bay and then easterly along the Seapuit River to West Bay. This was a wonderful inland sail, under all tacks with many interesting sights.

6th Annual Townie Hornor Sail Around

By Paul White

This year we had 15 catboats show up, many sailing in on Friday. They were mostly from Nantucket Sound and Buzzards Bay. There were four wooden cats, three of them being Crosbys. I own *Rugosa*, which is a 1920 Wilton Crosby. The winds were 18 to 20 with gusts over 25 so most boats had two reefs and a few put in three.

We pretty much followed Townie's original course, motoring north quickly in close formation under the Osterville drawbridge

and checking out Crosby's (old and new buildings) where boat building and repair has taken place on these grounds since the early 1800s by generations of the Crosby family. We then raised sail and continued on around Osterville Grand Island. It was a great sail.

In addition to this most important Saturday sail, this year again we were supported by the Osterville Historical Museum and the Wianno Yacht Club. We enjoyed complimentary moorings at the Wianno YC, free admission to the Osterville Historical Museum and its on the grounds Catboat Buildings, a Friday Farmers' Market and Fire and Ice at a Saturday evening Gam.

Townie had said at the event where he gave his catboat *Frances* to the Osterville Historical Museum, "I have never met a catboater who I did not like and boy have I sure met a lot of people I didn't like."



Crosby Boat Yard, Osterville, Cape Cod, Massachusetts.



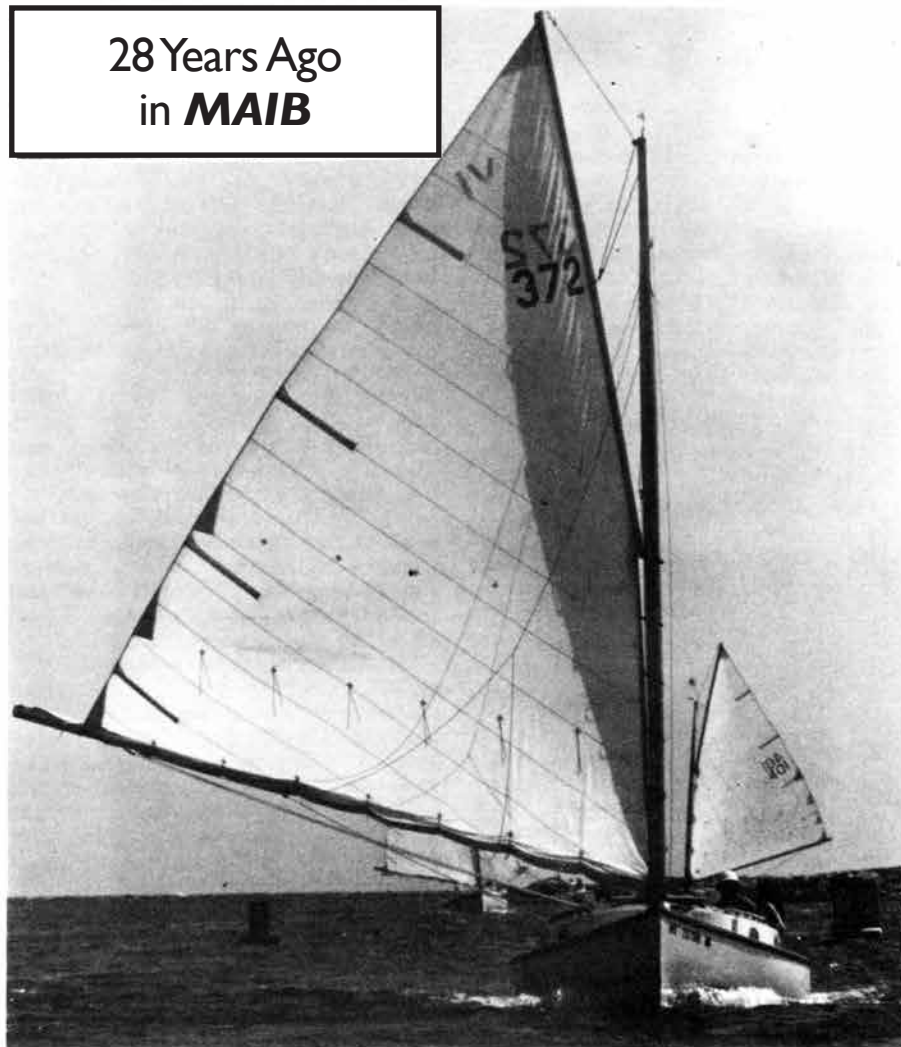
The "lawn party" was in full swing as evening came on, with 100 or so guests enjoying their tall cool ones and their accompanying condiments, when one man stepped out onto an open area and called for their attention.

"I want to welcome you all to our 10th anniversary catboat rendezvous," announced the host, Townie Hornor. "Next year we'll have some sort of special memento," he continued, "since I forgot all about it this year." Chuckles. Nobody seemed too disturbed about the oversight. After all, this was Townie Hornor's catboat rendezvous and it had always been this way, no formalities, no awards, no racing, no arguments. A gathering of the clan.

There are a half-dozen or so catboat rendezvous each season around New England, most of them including some sort of racing, regattas if you will. "I really never much liked the hassles of handicapping and all," Townie explained, in justification for his low key approach. "I guess there were others who agreed," he went on, "for we've had as many as 50 or 60 boats over the years." This year the number was 27. And there they were anchored out off Townie's waterfront on Osterville's West Bay. They had been arriving all during Friday and Saturday too, coming from all around the Cape and as far up the coast as Scituate.

Late Saturday morning, a dozen of us piled onto Townie's little Japanese pickup and rode to the nearby Osterville Town Museum where a boatshop has been set up in cooperation with the Crosby family to illustrate something of the history of boatbuilding in the town. (see accompanying article). Naturally, the two boats on display were catboats, one in fine shape donated to the Historical Society about 50 years ago, the other a resurrected derelict partly dismantled to show the construction details. Then early afternoon, about 20 of the boats (the Chatham squadron had not yet arrived) indulged in a circumnavigation of Osterville Grand and Little Islands, motoring through the busy drawbridge into North Bay, setting sail and sailing on into Cotuit Bay and then along the narrow Seapuit River behind the outer barrier beach of Dead Neck. The sea breeze made that latter part of the cruise a reach, fortunately, because the narrow tidal stream was in heavy use by other boats and the inner beach on Dead Neck, protected from the strong sea breeze at water level, was crowded with beach people, their boats pulled up on the sand or anchored close in. The parade of cats down this crowded stretch was impressive with those big sails swung out, away from the beach people.

28 Years Ago in **MAIB**



Cape Cod Catboat Rendezvous

Coming up Cotuit Bay it had been a beat and while the water surface there seems expansive enough, the channel is rather narrow. The short tacking into the teeth of a 20 knot breeze was more than some of the bigger boats cared to try, so they motorsailed through, sails luffing, while those of us in small boats did it the hard way. Townie's Crosby cat, FRANCES, is one of the smaller ones, and we had some exciting moments in the puffs, even with four of us aboard. Beamy a catboat may be, but it still can get the rail down. That tall coaming makes it less intimidating though. Nearby Dr. Dickson was sailing his KEPLIN alone, but he did have a reef tucked in.

Townie opted to stay inside Dead Neck's barrier beach, so as not to make anyone uneasy in the growing wind feel they had to go "outside". Out there the wind was kicking up quite a chop. Frank Cassidy took his CIMBA out anyway to get a little sea room for the big Fenwick Williams cat, later telling me it was pretty nice out there.

That was it. The sailing was mostly in the getting there. The cruise was a nice afternoon jaunt. Then it was raft-up time for many, sitting and enjoying the spaciousness of the roomy cats under a sunny summer sky in a lovely sandy bottomed anchorage fronted with elegant shore homes. The Chatham squadron, nine Marshall 18's who race together in Pleasant Bay, arrived from their trip along the Cape's south coast. About 6 o'clock, Townie began running his "launch service", picking up crews and ferrying them to his dock in his restored boatyard launch, VAGRANT. Time for food and festivities.

The Hornors provide the place, the charcoal fires, the ice. Everyone brings their own condiments and libations (nice words, huh?). Socializing ashore gets underway. Max Fife, skipper of SHOVELOR, the biggest of the cats, explained to me about the life of the catboat enthusiast. "We just like the going places and seeing things in comfort," was how he sort of summarized it. Max used to



Above: Dr. Dickson's KEPLIN sedately cruising along, note reef tucked in though. At right, he gets the rail well down, reef and all. Top right: Catboat and Cape Cod, they go together. Bottom right: Lots of room for R&R when catboats raft up.

have a Marshall 18, a boat which seemed to enjoy great favor in this group. Why did he move on? "More room," was the answer. An 18' Marshall has a lot of room in it for an 18 footer. But the 26' SHOVELOR, a classic big wooden cat, has much, much more. That seems to be the appeal. Roominess for comfortable cruising, proven seaworthiness in the skinny waters of the Cape. And the congenial company of the like minded skippers of other cats.

The Catboat Association has a membership of nearly 1500. Think about that. Not one brand people, but one design "type" people. And that design in all sizes from 13' Beetles to those 26' and 28' Fenwick Williams types. Wood and fiberglass. It doesn't matter. They're all catboats, that's enough.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks



HOW ABOUT THOSE NAMES

I really enjoyed looking over the names of the boats that took part. Maybe you will too:

ABISHAG, ALOHA, BREEZING UP, CATFISH, CIMBA, ESMERELDA, FELICITY, FELIX, FRANCES, GRIDDLERBONE, HOPI BON, KEPLIN, MEANDER, MINOU, PIPER, PUDDLE-DUCK, SAND DAB, SAND SCRATCH-

ER, SHOVELOR, SKIMMER, JOSHUA SLOCUM, SUBLIME, TABITHA II, TEMPTRESS, THE TOM, VELVET PAWS, WHITE SWAN.

Comfortable names, none of that intimidating braggadocio seen on the racer/cruiser fleets these days. Comfortable names on comfortable boats owned by people you can feel comfortable with.

Townie Hornor offered an interesting comment on why traditional small craft are not enjoying the resurrection their devotees feel they should when we were discussing his life in boats in Osterville, MA. "I used to go to the TSCA meet over at Crosby's (just beyond the bridge) each May, but I finally quit going when I realized why those boats aren't popular anymore." Why not? "They're so damned uncomfortable and hard to use," he responded. A catboat man speaking here..

Yet, Townie isn't a modern hi-tech megayacht sort. He has a nice collection of traditional sorts of boats at his dock on Osterville's West Bay. FRANCES is a Crosby catboat, ten years old now, but looking brand new. ANNIE'S CAT is a fiberglass 14' Arey's Pond cat he daysails. VAGRANT is a restored old boatyard launch, a "pickup truck" sort of boat. And then there's the 45 foot motor cruiser, VIRTUE, undergoing some long term interior renovations when I visited. Townie could probably afford a more conspicuous form of watercraft should he so desire, but he seems to like his little fleet.

He likes his waterfront home too, even though he comments, as we hustle along on another errand related to the catboat rendezvous he was hosting this weekend, "I'm 60 now, and why do I need all this waterfront property?" It was a rhetorical question, of course. Townie needs it because he's lived there for 59 years. It's a pretty fancy spread in a nice subdued Cape Cod way, lots of waterfront frontage, mostly undeveloped, sloping lawns leading up from the dock to the rambling Cape style cottage that belies its size with its way of fitting into the land. Over by the raked stone driveway turnaround is a two car garage, and the back of it opens into a BOATSHOP. A shop much bigger than it seems from outside, just like the house.

"I worked for years on my boats in the basement," Townie said. He's always worked on his boats. "I decided it was time to have a real shop so I built this one. And the basement under it was almost an afterthought," he went on. Today the big shop held only a small old lapstrake, round bottomed yacht tender. Townie was fixing it up for a local hospital auction. "Someone called me about would I know what to do with this little old boat they had," he explained, "so I picked it up and it's being donated to the auction." Townie is revarnishing and cleaning it first.

He's a very busy guy. All of this property and his fleet owe their continued existence to his earning powers. Townie is a consultant and a director on several business corporation boards. That's the earning-a-living part. He's al-



The Only One in Osterville

so a director and/or trustee on many non-profit boards, like the nearby Sea Education Association in Woods Hole, Mystic Seaport or the National Maritime Historical Society, not to mention local efforts like the Osterville Historical Society. I didn't try to make a list, it'd be too long. So Townie goes to lots of meetings.

I found him in that boatshop when I arrived at his place, organizing more ice for the day's needs, showing the floorboards of the old tender, freshly varnished, to some of the visiting catloaters. Always moving. If you want to visit with Townie Hornor, you have to keep moving. That shop is obviously a main love of his life. "I get as much out of messing about with boats in here as I do out on the water," Townie admits. He does a lot of his own work on his boats. He worked on FRANCES when she was being built at Crosby's. And his heart's delight, VAGRANT, was a major hands-on bit of messing about.

"I saw that boat on a mooring over in North Bay and thought how much I'd like to have it," Townie explained. "Turned out to be one of just three built by Crosby years ago, and it was in tough shape." It was for sale, he learned, so he ar-

ranged to buy it through an intermediary. Townie had a professional builder come to work for him on that project. "Hell, I can't do a lot of the tricky stuff," he admits, "but I can work with a guy who knows how." So that's what he did. The launch was rebuilt starting with a new keel. Everything was redone and upgraded to like-new condition. A small "derrick" was installed on the rear deck for chores like hauling moorings. A couple of modern gimmicks like a digital depthsounder were installed. Painted gray, without brightwork, it is truly a "pickup truck" of the bay.

Townie's father bought the shorefront property in Osterville the year he retired, 59 years ago. Townie was 1 year old. His dad was commodore at the nearby yacht club, but by the time Townie was old enough to learn to sail, his dad wasn't sailing much anymore. So he learned from his big brothers. Right here where he still lives. He has this marvelous big photograph of his parents at ease on the veranda of the yacht club back in those days, in full yachtsman costume of the times. Townie doesn't do it that way. He's in the yacht club, but on the evening of this catboat rendezvous, he was

passing up a major social function there to tend the charcoal fires for the catboat folks instead.

Late on this Saturday morning, while many of the catboats were still enroute, Townie decided to go "outside" and have a look up and down the south coast of the Cape, see if any catboat sails were in sight. He fired up VAGRANT and off we went across West Bay and out towards the cut through the barrier beach leading onto Vineyard Sound. We passed a Wian-no Senior short tacking out the channel into the wind. "Pretty boat," Townie offered, "but a damned wet one." Out past the breakwater and a look around. Out here the sea was lumpier from that growing sea breeze. Far to the east some gaff rigs could be seen. "Must be the Chatham crowd," he opined. Then it was back on in, and a short tour of the mooring area, shouted greetings to friends, traded wisecracks with dock occupants. Then back to the Hornor dock. A tour of the "neighborhood", that's what it was. And Townie was really at his ease, you could see that on this boat, this unpretentious workboat, was his favorite place to be.

After the catboat cruise we were down on the lawns as he finished setting up the charcoal pits for the evening eats. I noted over towards the Bay on a rising embankment that shut off the view of the Bay from here, a squat gray cylindrical structure, much like a truncated municipal water tank. I wandered up the banking towards it, noting its very military looking appearance, and as I rounded the Bay side, there it was, a 3" cannon protruding from what was a World War II destroyer gun turret. Amazing. The gun pointed out over West Bay through a screen of underbrush that had been allowed to grow up in front of it. "Townie," I said as I returned to where he was busily at work, "that's really bizarre!"

He flashed a big grin. "Yes, isn't it. I got that through some friends, war souvenir. It's the only one in Osterville!"

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks



The Boat Part

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

Like most history conscious New England towns, Osterville, a village in the Cape Cod town of Barnstable, has its historical society. They have their historical house set up as a museum. It is full of artifacts related to the past of the town, now, that is. Since taking on a full-time professional curator, the museum's collection has been refined to focus on Osterville related items. What's of interest to you, perhaps, is the boat part.

With the cooperation of the Crosby family, builders of traditional boats in Osterville for several generations, a couple of boatsheds have been set up behind the museum. They are buildings originally off Crosby property, moved to this site and fixed up to illustrate something of the boatbuilding history of the town. Two boats are on display, one a donation made some 50 years ago to the historical soci-

ety and in very nice shape cosmetically; the other a derelict retrieved from the back lot, stripped of its paint and decking to reveal the construction details.

Many fine old photos of by-gone days hang on the walls, and a number of original Crosby half-models are also displayed. Tools appropriate to early boatbuilding days are laid out in the Herbert F. Crosby shop where the "construction" boat is displayed. This is an effort to recreate the boatbuilding ways of early days and is still in the process of being put together. But it is open to the public during the season.

The season runs from the third week of June through the third week of September, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays, 3 to 5 p.m. Catch it if you're in the vicinity, you'll like what they're doing if you like traditional wooden boats.





Stern wheel paddle boats are, by definition, shallow draft. I thought perhaps that shallow water sailors might be interested in some BIG shallow water boat activity that occurred at the 2014 Ohio River Stern Wheel Festival held September 5-7 at Marietta, Ohio.

I had never seen a stern wheel paddle boat before, much less been aboard one. About six months ago I saw an article in a magazine advertising a stern wheel festival held annually at Marietta, Ohio. So here was an opportunity to see a stern wheel paddle boat and, perhaps, board one. I put the date on my calendar.

The 350 mile drive from Annapolis, Maryland, to Marietta, Ohio, through the rolling hills and mountains of eastern Maryland and West Virginia was pleasant. The countryside was lush green and the roads were good. The GPS took me right to the Washington County Fairgrounds, about a mile north of downtown Marietta and the levee on the Ohio River. The fairground volunteers gave me a spot to park our small motor home right under an enormous sycamore tree. I would be thankful for the tree's shade the first two days of the festival. The daily site fee was \$35, which was more than I had planned on spending, but it included electricity, showers and a bus that regularly took campers from the fairgrounds to the downtown area and back. Eventually there were over one hundred motor homes and travel trailers parked at the fairgrounds for the festival. My recreation vehicle was the smallest of them all!

Marietta is located in the southeastern corner of Ohio. It was one of the first European settlements in the state. The city is on the northern bank of the Ohio River where the Muskingum River joins the Ohio. It was a trading center for the North American Indians long before European settlers arrived.

Ohio River Stern Wheel Festival

By John Zohlen
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

The Muskingum River was the first to be canalized in North America. This small city on the banks of the two rivers was the site of a large ship building industry in the 1800s. More than 40 oceangoing vessels were built there in the first half of that century. They were launched and sailed down the Ohio to the Mississippi River and then down to New Orleans. Over 200 river boats were built in the Marietta area. The abundant forests near Marietta produced the lumber necessary for this ship building activity.

Marietta is the site of the Ohio River Towboat Museum. The 1928 steam powered *W. P. Snyder, Jr.* is moored along the banks of the Muskingum River as part of the museum exhibits. It was retired in the 1950s and replaced by Diesel powered towboats. Towboat is really a misnomer, the boats actually push barges. The museum also had some steamboat pilot houses from the late 1800s. I could just picture Mark Twain standing at the wheel in one of them.

The riverfront was quiet Friday morning. There were between 20-25 stern wheel paddle boats moored side by side, bow onto the levee. The largest, *P. A. Denny*, was 150' long. The smallest, probably 35' long. Some were retired commercial towboats built in the 1920s and '30s and some were home built boats. I asked the captain aboard *Hobby III* how power was transmitted to the paddle wheel. He graciously invited me aboard and gave me a full tour of his boat.

She is 80' long and draws 17". See, I told you they were shallow draft. The deckhouse and engine room are essentially mounted on top of a barge built of 1/4" steel plate. There are no through hull fittings. The engine uses keel cooling tubes mounted across the transom. The underside of the bow and stem are reinforced (in *Hobby II's* case, with 1/2" steel plate) to allow them to drive onto the river bank or levee. Most of the boats have brows or gangways that are held up at an angle over the bow by a king post while underway and then lowered onto the levee for embarkation and disembarkation. The boats are held onto the bank by quarter lines on both sides.

Hobby II uses a reversible hydraulic drive on the transversely mounted Diesel engine to turn a belt driven speed reducer that drives a chain driven speed reducer. The chain exits the after bulkhead of the deckhouse and drives a sprocket on the paddle wheel. The wheel's maximum speed is 30rpm, it loses power above 30rpm. *Hobby II's* maximum speed is about 7 knots. The boat has two steering rudders in front of the paddle wheel and two "monkey" rudders after the wheel. The boat's forward direction is controlled by the paddle wheel thrust over the "monkey" rudders. Thrust over the steering rudders when the wheel is backing moves the stern transversely, much like a Navy landing craft. The boats appear to be quite maneuverable in spite of their large "sail area." Very few have a bow thruster. Most of the boats had smoke funnels on either side of the pilot house even though they are Diesel powered.

I wondered, "Where does one moor a privately owned boat that is so large?" It would cost a fortune in my Chesapeake Bay watershed. As it turns out, most of the boat owners have waterfront property on some river in the Ohio River watershed. The boats



came from as far away as Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to the north and Charleston, West Virginia, to the south.

Saturday's festival activities were held on several blocked off streets up from the waterfront. A strong cold front came through Saturday afternoon and cooled things down. The fireworks display over the Ohio River that night was spectacular.

The highlight of the festival for me was Sunday morning. All eyes were focused

on the river. The stern wheel paddle boats raced up the river in six races past thousands of people lining the levee. The boats were matched in size and power. It was exciting watching these big, boxy boats churning up the river, neck and neck a few feet apart, with water thrashing so hard you could not see the paddle wheels.

I enjoyed our five day, four night "land cruise." It was interesting to learn more about

the maritime history of some of our country's interior waterways and see the boats that are unique to that history. I am definitely planning to attend the festival next year. By then I should have mustered the courage to invite myself aboard one of the stern wheeler as a "deck hand" or "snipe" during one of Sunday's races. That would be one more thing checked off my "bucket list!"



The 2nd Annual Wellfleet Rowing Rendezvous

By Walter Baron

The Rendezvous started about 12 noon on September 27, under clear blue skies and plenty of sunshine. High tide at Mayo Beach was about 2pm so there was plenty of water for rowing. Boats were gathered at the water's edge, about 16 in all. There were several different dories, including a couple of Gloucester Gulls, a couple of genuine Banks dories built in Nova Scotia, the Old Wharf Dory, a Swampscott Dory and a miniature Banks dory from the Cape Cod Maritime Museum.

Also taking part were a Doug Hylan Beach Pea, a Pete Culler Elf, a 14' flatiron skiff, a 10' skiff, an 8' pram, an Adirondack Guide Boat,

Jon Aborn's Wherry #3, *Le Baron Rouge* with sliding seats and a couple more that I can't remember.

All the boats were well used, at times there were only a couple on the beach. I think there were about 50 to 60 people there over the four hour event. All the food was eaten, Box Lunch rollwiches, Wellfleet oysters and water was also provided. There were many smiles on the beach, it was a good time, great weather, great boats, great people truly messing about in boats.

My thanks to all the people who helped make this a great event, the local helpers, the CCTSCA and to the sponsors, the Cape Cod Marine Trades Association and the Town of Wellfleet.



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21st century cruising sailing canoe for savvy sailors
Photo by Bill Ling



Most of the usual suspects gathered at Phil Maynard's house in Waldoboro, Maine, on Friday, August 29. We filled Phil's driveway with a mix of four able vessels on their trailers.

Phil had his inboard powered, Monk designed *Curlew* with all new paint and varnish. It was looking very sharp. Kevin MacDonald brought his Joel White Marshcat, *Little T*. (Honda powered). Doug Oeller brought his almost new (to him) Cornish Shrimper, *Tidings*, with a single cylinder Yanmar diesel. I brought my Haven 12½, *Jackaroo*, also Honda powered.

Phil's house would have been more crowded, but Kevin and Doug slept in their trucks. You might think, now that all the boats had outboards and engines, that there wouldn't have been any towing, but that was not quite the case. More on that later.

Our first night was a leisurely supper at a local Waldoboro fish restaurant. By noon on Saturday we had launched at the Rockland public launch ramp. It was blowing right pert from the south so, instead of braving a passage, we sailed around the harbor, admiring the boats, and anchored for the first night in Broad Cove which offered good protection from the southerly.

Sunday was a lovely day for sailing. Almost the first thing we could make out as we approached the archipelago of Vineyard Haven were the wind generators slowly turning. It was about nine miles across the Bay and into Fox Island Thoroughfare which cuts between North Haven and Vinalhaven. We stopped for lunch in Seal Cove and a local yacht warned us that there was a storm

2014 Annual Penobscot Bay Cruise

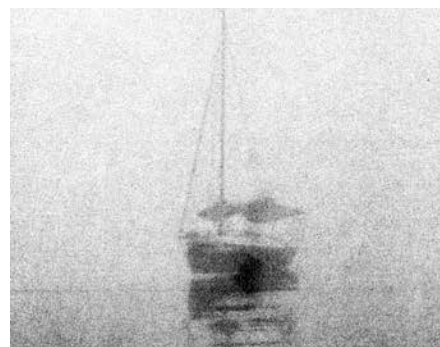
By Mike Wick

Photographs by Doug Oeller,
Kevin MacDonald, Phil Maynard
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River
Chapter TSCA

coming and we should find something more secure for the night.

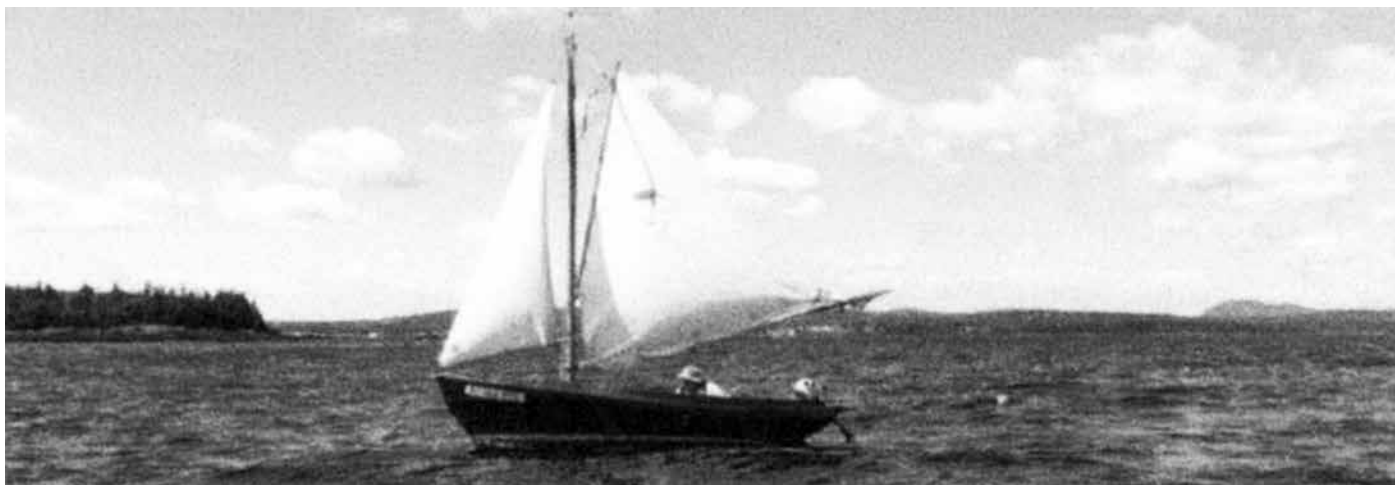
We had planned to go to Waterman Cove, which looked cozy enough but did not offer good protection from winds from the south. Instead, we went around Calderwood Point and deep into the landward corner of Carver Cove. Traveling along with us were several 40-footers and a big motor-sailer, so we felt we were in good company if they were fleeing the weather with us. It thundered and rained hard during the night but there was not much wind where we were in our little cove. I made a mistake setting up my boom tent and soaked my sleeping bag, but I got out my spare and didn't suffer once I cured the leak.

Monday morning dawned thick with fog so we grabbed a ride with *Little T* into North Haven, using Doug's trusty GPS to guide us along. North Haven is a sleepy little town and was closed to celebrate Labor Day, but we made good use of the toilet in the ferry office and walked around town. We were underway at 11am, still with some fog, circling around



Vinalhaven Island to the east. We passed by Winter Harbor which has some delightful looking protected spots, but we felt we had to save something for another trip.

As the fog lifted we all saw each other and were glad for the better visibility because we were approaching the southeast corner of Vinalhaven where bricks were spread at random. Safety depends on finding and jumping down a string of buoys that would guide us around the dangerous hazards. In Maine, with its 10' rise and fall of tide, the rocks can be at any height, depending on the tide. They can have surf around them or not, but one doesn't want to find any by the contact method. We ran from Triangle Ledge to Halibut Ledge, to Crosbie Ledge, to Old Duke Ledges, to Wreck Ledge, to Bunker Ledge, to Point Ledge. You get the idea. It would not have been such a nice passage in a fog. Good visibility is better. Then we were in The Reach, along Vinalhaven Town and Carver Harbor.



Later that afternoon we anchored in Old Harbor and rode *Little T* to Carver's Harbor. We got news of a restaurant that would serve us some lobster but, once again, it was Labor Day and everything was closed tight as a drum. Oh well, back to our camp stoves and an early night. At least my sleeping bag was dry again in the afternoon sun.

Next morning dawned with a thick fog. It was supposed to lift by 10am but never did. It was with us the whole day. We headed west across Hurricane Sound and West Penobscot Bay, seeing almost nothing but the buoys that would keep us off the rocks. Kevin and I only saw lobster boats working their lines but Doug, as he was crossing the Outbound Shipping Lane, heard a great horn that gave him a fright before it thumped its way across his path. We already have GPS and VHF, next step would be to add AIS for safety in fog. The four of us met at Ash Ledge off Ash Island in Muscle Ridge Channel, which was quite a navigation achievement in fog that thick. We couldn't have done it without VHF radio and GPS. We took stock and decided that it was a good time to head for home, up Owl's Head Bay and into Rockland Harbor. Enough fog.

This was Tuesday afternoon. Phil packed his boat up and took her home to his driveway. Kevin hauled and left *Little T* on her trailer in the Rockland parking lot. Doug and I made a deal with the harbor master and kept our boats for the night at a dock in the harbor. We ate in a snappy restaurant that found us a table downwind of the other patrons. The others had lobster rolls which were OK, but I had a tomato based Cioppino that tasted near perfect. Maybe something to do with two days of camp cooking under canvas. Showers and comfortable beds made a nice change.

Wednesday started with a strong breeze. Phil left his boat at home to help Doug with his luxury yacht. I thought about riding with Kevin but decided to tuck in two reefs in the main and see how it went. It was heaven. She looks a little funny with such a tiny sail, but it sets well and has a good shape. Even the strongest gusts don't overpower her. The wind gradually lightened as the day wore on and we shook out reefs. We sailed down inside Monroe Island and Sheep Island, then down Muscle Ridge Channel for a quick tour of Tennant's Harbor and Long Cove, then across Wheeler Bay to Seal Cove for the night. The wind lightened as the day went on and we reached along Muscle Ridge Channel. The boats were going fast but under good control. As the sun went down, the wind died and we started to power.

Just at the entrance to Seal Harbor, Doug ran out of Diesel. They set all sail but couldn't stem the outgoing tide in the fading light. Kevin took out his trusty towline and dragged *Tidings* to a safe anchorage. We had a raft up and ate Phil's concoction of minestrone soup and tuna that was very good. We split up for the night. My anchor dragged a bit but came to no harm. The anchor had fouled up with the tripline. Guess I hadn't set it very well after a beer and some wine. Next morning we rafted up for coffee while Doug got out his manual and learned about bleeding a fuel line. He unscrewed bolt A and pumped fuel, then screwed up bolt A and unscrewed bolt B, then unscrewed bolt C and she started. Magic.

The wind was light from the south so we reached across to the light on Two Bush Island (no bushes) then split up. Phil and

Doug took *Tidings* around Andrews Island and back to the dock in Rockland, while Kevin and I sailed on southeast through Matinicus and back to Vinalhaven, making landfall at Heron Neck and into Sand Cove for the night. We thought of pausing at Matinicus, but the weather predicted was strong thunderstorms and Matinicus puts new meaning to the word exposed. We put up our tents and slept hard.

Next morning the weatherman still called for severe thunderstorms so we motored in light wind into Deep Cove and around Heron Neck, up Hurricane Sound to Ledbetter Narrows, around Dogfish Island and back to Rockland. The wind picked up gradually and it was a very scenic passage. We hauled our boats and started heading for

home, 140 miles by GPS. Doug learned that he had the X wrench, the spare tire, the jack and the flares to safely change a flat tire on his trailer at night. Planning is everything.

Although this was the end for Doug and me, Kevin stayed to help Phil sheath the side of his house and John Guidera came up to paint pictures and to help. On Tuesday they took *Little T* out of Rockland and day sailed up to Camden and back. It was a good cruise.

For me, one of the best things about this sort of sailing is the buddy system. If I were to break something, or capsize, or go for an unplanned swim, I can summon a friend by handheld VHF. One of the nicest things about sailing inside Assateague was always that I could right myself and drag her ashore, but Maine isn't like that.



Land Sailing

The Jich & Irw's Most Awesome Maritime Adventure

By Irwin Schuster: irwin.schuster@verizon.net



When traveling, it is wise to choose your companions carefully. I did. The Jich (a Japanese corruption for elder) has traveled the world and has a superabundance of stories, weird charm and (nearly) unerring navigational skills. He is a tool collector, jig-master and trivia maven.

When I planned a trip to the northeast to tour a series of littoral venues, I decided I needed an accomplice, and got one ready and willing in The Jich. The tour was also aimed at viewing the autumn splendor and reconnecting with associates I had not had a chance to see in a dozen years.

To wit: Starting in Boston, we headed for The Adirondack Museum which houses canoes, guide-boats, racers and antiquities from sleds to plows, huckster's wagons, traps, sulkies, coaches, and train cars that carried the swells from cities to the rustical, fresh air, hunting and fishing camps. Then, on to the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, NY on the St. Lawrence – Thousand Island area, where commuter yachts and Gold Cup and Harmsworth Trophy competitors are housed alongside more canoes, hydroplanes, vintage outboards and exhibits of seafarers and their vessels.

We took a break and swung through and hiked around Chittenango Falls in fabled Madison County, NY, but were on the road too early to stop for the Erie Canal Cruise at Herkimer.

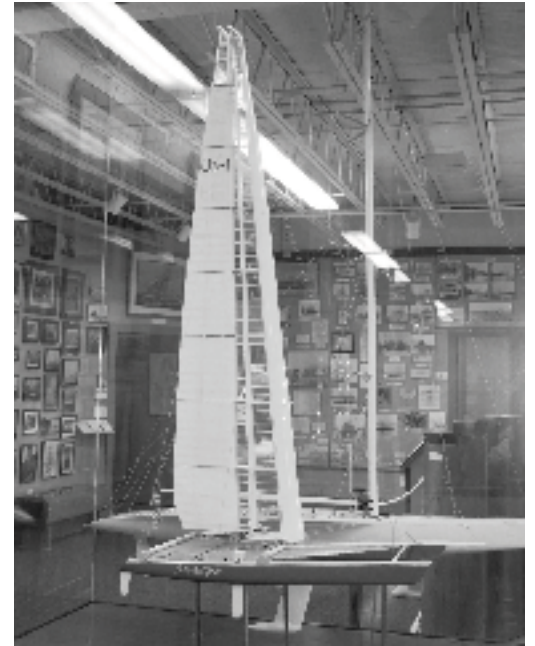
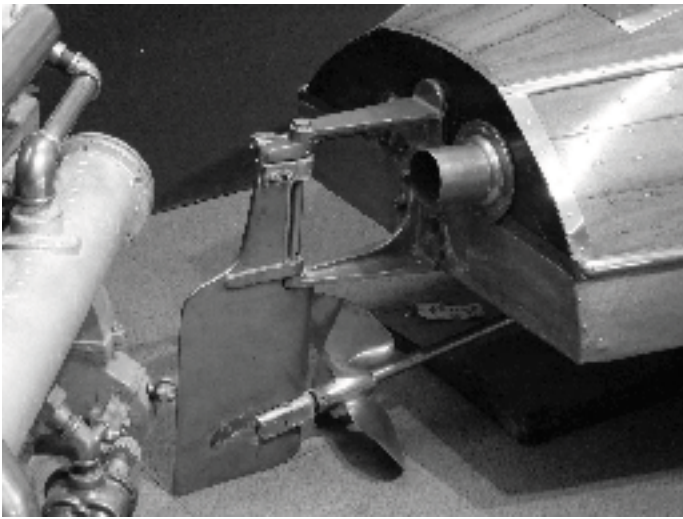
The Herreshoff Museum in Bristol, RI was next on the list as we returned East. Now pointed strongly toward the America's Cup history, the site also of course, traces the family's contributions to naval architecture via yachts, torpedo launches, sail and power boats of every size, and power plants as well. The model shop and more half-models than one can mentally accommodate are preserved under glass, while visitors can board and lounge on a few grand vessels on the hard, and imagine life as few of the readers of MAIB have lived it.

I, the Irw of the title now returned to the land of my birth, the Tampa Bay area, had last visited these venues perhaps 15 years ago, and they are much expanded and refined... well worth the trip. Being a modeler more than a wet-butt sailor, I scheduled this trip to allow attendance at a meeting of my former club, the USS Constitution Model Shipwright Guild – at the USSC Museum, and see old (and some really old) friends. Following that, I visited historic Newburyport and the Custom House Maritime Museum, and on to Rockport, MA another day, to check in with more former associates, and enjoy fabulous chowder at The Causeway Restaurant in Gloucester.

The point of this tale is to suggest that if you are a fan of beautiful old boats, you can do a lot worse than spending a few days at these places, and if you are towing a boat, so much the better, for a wetter perspective. The roads are smooth and hotels are, astonishingly, around \$90/night. Clayton locks down around Columbus Day, so plan accordingly. It was not a banner year for Fall color, but otherwise, a superior trip.

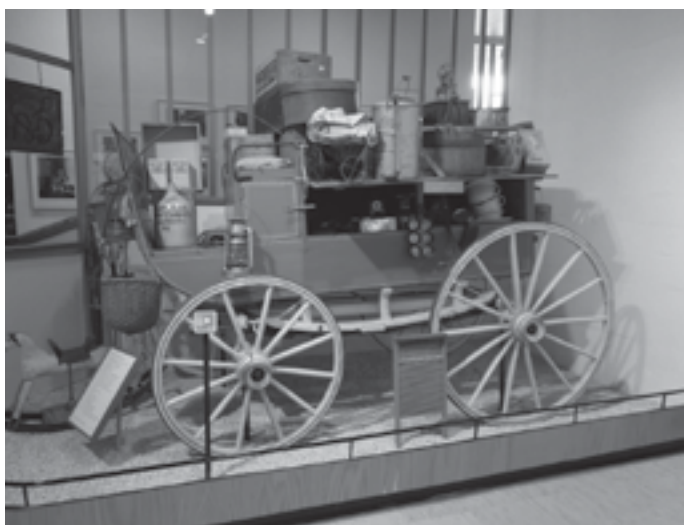


Upper left, the author hails from the *Alexandra*, displayed at the Herreshoff in Bristol, RI. Above, a guide-boat shop exhibit at the Adirondack; George "The Jich" Estano examining a sailing canoe at the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, NY; and the preserved model shop at the Herreshoff.



From the top, the business end of 1930's triple Gold Cup champ, *El Lagarto* and a polished, outboard-powered Hickman sea sled at the Adirondack; Chittenango Falls, Madison County, NY; a model of *Stars & Stripes* at the Herreshoff; the slippery splinter *Atosis* and Gold Cupper *Miss Canada III* at the ABM.

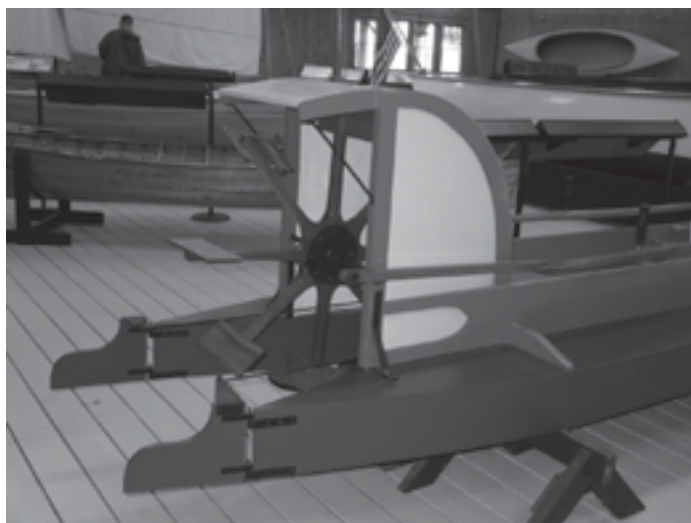
Smaller craft hang from the rafters, visible from catwalks. In all of these facilities, cameras are allowed, and as you can see, visitors can get right up on their favorites and examine them closely. Allow 3-4 hours when you go... and you really should!



Upper left, old vs. new blocks at the Herreshoff. Above, an interesting skiff demonstrating the non-necessity of thwarts? and, oars of elemental design, at the Adirondack. Next, a huckster's wagon and a sled exhibit at the Adirondack; a wonderful, life-size wooden sculpture as part of the logging and logging camp section at the same museum. And finally, an ice-boat just taken into the Antique Boat Museum, used to travel among the thousand islands in the chillier weather on the St. Lawrence. It is shown here in the shop, being studied for possible restoration.

Immediately below: samples of muscle propulsion displayed at the Antique Boat Museum, and right, the power plant of a handsome, old steam launch at the Adirondack. Below that, more muscle to push an early paddle-wheel pontoon vessel, also an artifact at the Adirondack.

At the Antique Boat Museum, in the Gold Cup Building, you can study *Dixie II*; 39 ft., 1909 & 10 Gold Cup winner – Clinton Crane design, built by George Lawley and Sons. Then came hydroplanes. Final photo; 1980's, the last wooden Gold Cup Racer ever produced ... the V-12 Rolls Royce Merlin powered, U-4 *Something Else*. Overhead are smaller hydroplanes.



At our Goose Island Cruising Club mooring in New Harbor on Block Island, Rhode Island, with five sailboats rafted together around 6pm, we would be sitting in the cockpit of our largest boat, enjoying the camaraderie of Happy Hour. That also was the time when the next episode of the familiar Saturday evening entertainment program, "The Block Island Anchoring Follies" was due to commence.

Weekend after weekend the cast of characters in the "Anchoring Follies" episodes would change, boat sizes and boat colors would change, but the entertainment that they provided us was just another episode in a continuous maritime comic opera.

Let me give you a synopsis of such a late Saturday afternoon "Follies" episode:

The Goose Island Cruising Club mooring is located in New Harbor, far from the docks of the marinas filled with noise generating powerboats. Inshore of our mooring is an area that rapidly shoals to 4' depth at low tide. The tidal range at New Harbor Block Island is about two feet, leaving almost no water under a sailboat keel or powerboat hull at low water in this large shoal area. For the uninitiated, however, and those who don't bother to look at their charts, it is a large area of open water that seems to be the ideal spot to anchor, there is nobody there and, above all, it is much closer to shore.

That is the deceptive trap that catches many an unwary boater. We try to warn them. A few listen, thank us, and anchor elsewhere, but most don't and then need rescuing when the tide is low.

Then there is another type of boater who comes in, sees where everyone has already anchored and decides to drop his anchor in between the other anchored boats where there is no longer any room for him to anchor, just to be closer to the restaurants at the end of the harbor.

The typical script for a Saturday evening episode of "The Block Island Anchoring Follies" comic opera starts like this:

A 40'+ powerboat wants to anchor where there was no room, in the midst of already anchored sailboats and trawler yachts (whose owners were mostly former sailors). A young woman, wearing a very tight skirt and high heel shoes, stood on the bow anchor platform holding a miniscule sized anchor in one hand. The anchor would have been the proper size for a 10' dinghy.

When the owner, who was wearing an Admiral's cap with scrambled eggs on the bill, and sporting a heavy gold chain around his neck told her to drop the anchor, she took the tiny lightweight toy she held in one hand and, with a dainty toss, threw it into the water. The anchor sank.

The boat owner started backing down to see if his anchor had set properly. Suddenly his engine stopped running. In backing up a boat length his propeller had found the anchor rode of an already anchored trawler yacht that was directly behind him and firmly wound the trawler's anchor rode around his propeller, causing his engine to stop running.

Oh, the tiny anchor he was using to hold his boat didn't hold, so the prevailing wind turned his boat sideways and he started moving crosswise through the anchored fleet.

The trawler, whose anchor rode was now wrapped around the propeller of the first boat, put a buoy on the end of his rode and dropped it overboard so that he could move away and anchor in another spot until this fracas got

Random Scenes from a Life in Sailing

By Conbert H. Benneck
Summer Evening
Entertainment
at Block Island

sorted out and his anchor rode had been untangled. We all watched this latest evening performance of the "Follies" intently.

This comic opera eventually reached an intermission point where it became necessary to refill our drinks. With drinks refreshed and without the normal TV advertising to interrupt the "Follies" program, the second episode of the drama began. As the non anchored instigator started drifting past other boats, there were scratches and scrapes on hulls. Those seeing the approaching danger got out extra fenders to protect their boats from damage. Rescue teams from surrounding boats were now approaching in dinghies to lend a hand, to stop the powerboat from drifting further, and someone had used his VFW radio to call the harbor master and had asked for outside help.

The powerboat owner needed a diver who could untangle the anchor rode from his propeller. After dinner, which we had all eaten in the cockpit to see how the third episode of the "Follies" drama would end, a launch approached our victim carrying a SCUBA diver. The diver put on his mask, dropped backwards into the water from the cockpit of the launch and within a few minutes he had untangled the trawler's anchor rode from the propeller. The diver also retrieved the tiny anchor and handed it back to the boat owner.

The owner started his engine and, in the growing darkness, headed through the anchored fleet to one of the marinas to get a slip for the night. He'd had enough of trying to anchor for one day.

Fickle Winds

Block Island is notorious among sailors for its local weather phenomenon. It is a large island warmed during the day by the sun and is surrounded by ocean water that is much cooler. On many an evening in summer it gets a local Block Island windstorm that starts blowing around midnight and lasts until mid morning. It is caused by the temperature differences between the land and the surrounding sea water.

Being among the smaller boats of the Goose Island Cruising Club fleet, we always moored on the outside of our raft. When the winds started blowing at 1am we'd fire up our engine and find another spot to anchor for the night, using two large anchors. The bigger and heavier the anchor and the longer the anchor rode, the greater is our peace of mind when the wind pipes up.

On one such "normal" Block Island night, having just set our second anchor and while adjusting the rode lengths so that both were of equal length, I observed a powerboat drifting down on us in the darkness. He would pass us about a foot away. I grabbed my boat hook and was able to pick up his anchor rode as his anchor came sliding up our anchor rode. I reached over to his cabin

and banged on it with the flat of my hand. His boat drifted next to us.

As I slowly walked from the bow towards the stern of *Fun Too*, holding his anchor in my hand, lights went on in his cabin and then a head popped out. He looked out into the dark and windy night and loudly yelled at me, "You're dragging."

I said, "Sorry, but you're the one who's dragging. What do you want me to do with your anchor that I am holding in my hand? Should I hang you off our stern until you can get organized?"

He barked, "Drop it."

"Do you really want me to drop it before you have started your engine?"

He barked again, "Just drop it."

Having now reached the cockpit of *Fun Too*, I dropped his anchor off our stern and watched as the strong winds continued to push him off into the darkness towards other anchored boats. He had anchored with a rode that had been so short that the rising tide had just lifted his anchor out of the bottom, the wind blew and away he went.

Other occurrences such as this slowly began to intrude on the pleasant times we had when we first started sailing to Block Island from Noank Shipyard. The Noank Shipyard had changed ownership long ago. The new owner of the shipyard sent us all a letter that winter, along with our renewal forms for our slip rental, informing us that henceforth the Yard, and the Yard alone, would do all work from the toe rail of the hull to the keel on owners' boats. We would no longer be allowed to wash off the hull in fall, or to paint the bottoms, the boot top stripe, or the hulls of our boats. This was now the sole prerogative of Noank Shipyard and we would be billed for the labor at their usual shipyard hourly rates.

Well, all rag sailors are a cheap lot. Almost all of us enjoy doing our own boatwork, all of our own work. We talked with the new owner to see if he would relent on his new rules but his answer was a firm "No." The Noank Shipyard new owner's rule was that the Yard will do all outside hull work. Take it or leave it.

With such an ultimatum, most sailors said the answer to that problem was exceedingly simple. We'll just go find a new marina where we're allowed to work on our own boats. The sailors went searching and we found a new nautical home for *Fun Too* further up the Mystic River at lovely little Fort Rachel Marina which had floating docks (Noank Shipyard had fixed docks) and was tucked behind a high AMTRAK railroad embankment.

The high railroad embankment provided a beautiful little hurricane hole with excellent protection from hurricane generated waves and winds in the Mystic River when, not if, another hurricane should come to New England.

Noank Shipyard lost about two thirds of their rag baggers that year because of their "owners aren't allowed to work on their own boats" edict.

The following winter we received a letter from Noank Shipyard enclosing their slip rental renewal form inviting us to please come back. The Shipyard would now set aside a portion of the yard for the (cheapskate) sailors who wanted to do their own work. Having found a much better home, we stayed at Fort Rachel Marine for the ensuing years.

Yes, it did take us about half an hour under power to get to open water back at Noank after going down the Mystic River,

from the Town of Mystic. However, if the weekend weather was bad, Katharina had a short stroll from Fort Rachel Marina to Main Street of Mystic with all the lovely craft shops, clothing shops and homemade fudge and ice cream stores. I could row our dinghy to the Mystic Seaport, (we were members) and spend a rainy afternoon poking my nose into nautical books at their bookstore or go to their art gallery and admire ship models, and all the marine art that they had for sale.

The owners of Fort Rachel Marina were an interesting couple. Doug had been a commercial transport pilot flying for Pilgrim Airlines. He had found the marina while flying over the area. His wife Dutchy, as her name implies, came from Holland. They became the heart and soul for the whole gang at the Marina.

Late in the fall Doug and Dutchy organized a yearly regatta for the Fort Rachel Marina residents (all owned sailboats). Doug said that he had originally wanted to call his regatta "The America's Cup Race," but some rogues at a large Yacht Club west of us in New York City were claiming rights to that name. They further informed us that they are constantly plagued by challenges from other countries who wanted to take their America's Cup away.

Doug and Dutchy, therefore, sought the name of a country most unlikely to attract such challenges. Hence they gave birth to "The Zimbabwe Cup" race. At the Captain's Meeting which started at about 2pm prior to the race, or whenever, the simple rules were explained. Bribes to judges were expected, appreciated and certainly were needed if one had any thoughts of winning the regatta. Cash, or gold coins, were the preferred bribery items, but things like a Jaguar XKE or a new boat lift might sway the judges, if proffered. Rules of the Road were only there for those who couldn't cheat without getting caught. There were a few more such rules, equally ridiculous, the main theme being, "Kiddies, it's almost the end of the sailing season. Go have a nice afternoon sail on Fishers Island Sound, if someone wins, that's fine with us."


The purpose of this exercise was to get all of us out of there so that they could set up the barbecue, get the food cooking, tap the beer kegs and open the wine bottles so that when the weary racing crews triumphantly came back from the regatta they'd get a hearty welcome with hot food and a cold brew. Then the real party could begin. The resident sailors provided the hot dishes, sal-

ads and desserts. Doug and Dutchy provided hamburgers and hot dogs, several barrels of cold beer and the wine.

One memorable Zimbabwe Cup Race evening a sailor had brought a device for blowing mammoth bubbles. It involved a long strip of lacelike material attached to two handles. The sailor dipped the long strip into a small bucket of soap bubble solution, carefully lifted it out of the solution and let the excess liquid drip off. Then, keeping the handles partially crossed so that the strip formed a long loop and contained a soap film, he would move very slowly. As he did so a bubble formed. As he slowly walked the bubble became larger until it was about 4' in diameter and about 6' long. At that point he gave the handles a bit of a twist and the giant soap bubble, now on its own, slowly formed an undulating iridescent sphere that gently floated away.


There was absolutely no wind that evening so the giant bubble floated slightly over our heads, moving as people below it started walking or picked up their glasses of beer. What a wonderful boat toy. It took up no space on board and, with the right weather conditions, we could enchant a whole beach full of people with our giant soap bubbles.

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"Arethusa"
N.G. Herreshoff designed Buzzards Bay 25
Built in 1996



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Maximum Fun... Minimum Money

By Johnny Mack

I float a boat less cruised than my typical *MAIB* wood and fiberglass friends. I am of the aluminum school. The older and more funky they are, the more I like them.

I just finished a 15' 1957 Alumacraft Flying C project that turned into an ideal boat for me. If I do say so, she turned out pretty darned good. I used her almost every week this summer. She held up great, gave me no unpleasant surprises and I enjoyed using her more than you would believe. I am not normally vain, but I have to add, did I ever look good in her!

I first saw her two years ago at my friend Bill Moulton's, proprietor and chief craftsman at Bill's Boat Yard, Plainfield, Vermont. There she was, pouting on her trailer in the wayback where he keeps all the really good ones. It was love at first sight.

There was nothing made in China about her. She was an old school girl and just one look at her construction and you could tell she was built to last. The previous owner didn't do her any favors by spraying an out of place blue sparkle "bass boat" paint on her but wow, did she had great bones or what? I would have bought her on the spot but she had a killer flaw. She had a 15" transom. I swore up and down I would never ever, ever, even one time buy another boat that needed a short shaft motor.

I have had them all and never had any performance reason to favor one transom size over another, it's just that I like to dabble in boats and have been known to change out my fleet on a regular basis. I have had many shapes and sizes and thought I would simplify my boating hobby if I eliminated as many variables as I could. I would only own boats with standard sized transoms that took motors with standard sized shafts. With a bit of elbow grease and hardly any extra financial outlay I could get by with one prime mover that I could flip flop between any boat I stumbled across. There are many inexpensive classic hulls out there, motors that are quiet, trustworthy and fuel efficient, not so much.

So, like Gilligan would not get in that gorilla suit, there I was a year later, the proud owner of the Flying C and an ever so slightly used, that is, was for all practical purposes brand new, 25hp Yamaha 4-stroke, ah, er, short shaft. Its a long story but the guts of it is I was looking for a 25hp 4-stroke long shaft to repower my trusty 16' Starcraft Kingfisher. Search as I did, I could not find what I was looking for, a cherry condition, correctly priced, used unit that was reasonably close geographically. I braced myself to buy new but was taken aback at the prices. I lost all hope but then the Yamaha popped up on craigslist. I did the numbers and it didn't take me long to realize I could

buy the Yamaha and Bill's Alumacraft, add a good chunk for restoration and save darned near thousands compared to just buying a new motor for the Kingfisher.

I saved even more as I didn't have to pay what dealers I visited called a "rigging charge" they insisted on with the sale of new motors with remote operation. They tried to hit me up for a grand, \$1,000, to install their motor on my Kingfisher, which was an open fishing boat with modern operating gear in place. I will have to give them some tongue soup on that later but it was a deal killer for me. Just as well, I figured I could cut my expenditure even more as I didn't need or want two boats of roughly the same size and capability and I could sell the Kingfisher to further knock the price down. So I bought all the pieces to the puzzle and they fit together so nicely I didn't even get buyer's remorse, and I am Scottish!

The restoration was somewhat of a challenge as the boat was old enough that there were no nearby examples I could copy from. I did, however, see one helpful site on the internet that gave good tips on doing the transom. My restoration is not to factory spec and one looking at my work might see the powerful influence my favorite engineer, Rube Goldberg, has on me, but it somehow all came together. I just made most of the restoration up as I went along and, as with all boats done in such a manner, the enjoyment factor was pegged at the max.

So over the winter I rebuilt the transom, put in removable floors and redid the seats with new plywood and vinyl (the foam and wood molding pieces around the edges were still in very good shape so I reused them). I rewired the cable and drum steering (it has worked flawlessly), drilled out about a dozen suspicious rivets in the hull and secured them with stainless bolts. I cannibalized an after-market CMC PT 35 power trim unit I was using on the Kingfisher and mounted it to the Flying C.

I cranked the motor down on the trim unit, secured it and ran the power and control cables. I cut off the toggle switch from the tilt control wires ran them right into pigtails on the Yamaha control electric cable. The tilt was now operated by the built in rocker switch on the throttle handle instead of by a separate unit. The system worked perfect first try.

The original bow light showed her age but I didn't want to replace it as it fit the boat. I made a save and reused it by making an elegant repair to its rusted out bulb socket. I added a horn and dual anchor lights (with flag holders) courtesy of Bill's magnificent scrounge pile. I also scavenged and installed a vintage Chris Craft bow searchlight that I have yet to use but like the way it looks. I

added a common ordinary 12v vehicle fog light to the transom. I use that a lot as I often get home at night and have to back the trailer up in the dark. I also installed a bilge pump. I made a fuse panel from an old plastic tool box and wired everything up.

She had built in flotation in the aluminum seat benches but I thought it wise to add a little insurance. I trusted the 60-year-old aluminum in her hull, not so sure about the flotation. I tossed four cooler sized foam blocks in the bow. They take up space which is not missed as is too tight for any gear storage use. That's not exactly correct, it actually has plenty of room to store gear very nicely but I am too old and stiff to climb in and retrieve anything that would fit in there.

I fuel her from the brand new perfectly functioning 6gal plastic tank and fuel line that was included with the motor. On big days I carry a common ordinary gas can to beef up my range. I have more than one tale of woe attributed to using old used fuel systems I was too cheap to replace. I don't even know what a fuel problem is since I adopted this method.

The Alumacraft was on her original trailer. It needed sandblasting, paint, tires, bearing, springs, fenders and lights. I donated it back to Bill who repurposed her as a dedicated yard trailer and commandeered the Kingfisher's trustworthy galvanized unit. I upgraded 2"x4" bunks to 2"x6"s, carpeted them with scraps from my favorite local carpet store and positioned them along with the bow roller and winch post. I followed my proven trailer adjustment method of doing the work with the boat on top. In my book, when it comes to trailer work, the only easy way is the hard way.

The most arduous part of the restoration project was removing that damned sparkle paint the previous owner applied. It looked thin but it was some rugged and took a lot of time and elbow grease to remove. My plan was to strip her to bare aluminum. I was going to use her as an everyday boat so I wanted a plain maintenance free patina, no high upkeep shiny museum showcase finish for me. It came out pretty good but there are a few places I consider a hair rough and I regret not taking more time and being more gentle. I am relieved that many of the scuffs I put on her from hard use are blending in and hiding my hasty workmanship so she looks better every day.

In retrospect, I did have one irritation with the finish, literally. I did one side of the bow with paint remover. It was going OK but it made my nose burn that night. Whatever that stuff did to the paint, aaargh, I feared it was doing to me. So I stopped using it (never again) and finished the other side with sandpaper.

Both sides are equally smooth but the patina is different, like two sides of aluminum foil one is shiny the other dull. I am the only one who notices but it still drives me nuts. I wet sanded and polished the dull side, which then outshone the original shiny side, and I went back and forth trying to match everything until I dreamed I would sand a hole right through to the trailer. Then good reason took hold and I firmly put the sandpaper down and walked away. I am hoping time will solve my problem and give me what I consider the perfect look for an aluminum boat, the dull haze of a 50-year-old Grumman canoe.

I gripe a bit about the paint removal job but I like doing everything myself. My rec-



These in progress pictures are at Bill's Boat Yard, Plainfield, Vermont. I did not put my tools away that day. Maybe that is why I have three or four of everything?

ommendation to a more sane boat nut, if you want to strip paint off an aluminum boat to leave a raw finish, pay a professional to soda blast it. If you don't want to spend the money the little bit of extra money it costs (I was surprised how much I spent on sandpaper) then I recommend you live with the current finish as is or paint over it.

I put her in the drink this spring and, to my relief, the motor worked great and was made even better with the power tilt. I was a little worried how it would work with cable and drum steering but it has been secure and smooth. The entire package is a lot of fun. She came in on time and on budget. It is a bit of a risk repowering a near 60-year-old boat with a new motor (I don't see it a lot) but I couldn't be happier with it.

For her first year I have used her over 30 outings on waterways that include Lake George, the Richeleau River, the Connecticut River, Marshfield Reservoir and Lake Willoughby. I was also lucky enough to experience nine outings on Lake Champlain where the water was so calm I could cruise for hours without even hitting a wake. And although the morning frost is testing my resolve as I write, the season is not over.

She cruises smoothly throughout her entire throttle range. There is no setting that is bad. I spend most of my time between 15mph and 20mph where she just purrs and ever so politely sips the juice. Put the hammer down and she'll happily run forever at 25mph. A mpg consumption rate is hard for me to calculate due to my inability to travel in a straight line for any length of time. For planning purposes, I figure one gallon of fuel per hour of mid to top speed cruising. At top speed she gets a bit louder but even at that most of the noise I hear is caused by the wind.

I surmise the lack of factory power trim on the Yamaha was a major reason it was for sale at an advantageous price. She's a sweet running motor but she's a heavy beast, not ideally balanced and offers absolutely no leverage on a short transom. Tilting her by hand would be a load for a silverback gorilla. As I am a trailer boater, raising and lowering the motor is a frequent task I face. The CMC makes it effortless. I find I also use it to trim for optimized cruising. It makes a noticeable difference as I can easily align the motor for the most efficient angle of attack while underway at any speed.

On the water she has a solid, safe, stable feel and is predictable in all situations. She is, of course, at her best when it is smooth as she has the typical limits for a boat of her size in the rough stuff. I usually don't go out when it is nasty. If I get caught out in it I find it best to ease off the juice, take my time and just pick my way through the chop. I have seen some boaters power up and try to shoot over the wave tops. I don't feel good doing that to a 60-year-old.

Off the water she also has elegant manners. Her size makes her very easy to launch and recover. I don't even notice her on the trailer. She also takes minimal effort to stow at the end of a day. I simply pull the seats out and put them in the garage. The only weather exposure the vinyl gets is when it is in use. Wait there's more, I forgot, I also unplug the battery cables. Five minutes total end of day work is way on the high side. The hull stays clean and hasn't needed so much as touch up with a garden hose. The price for a good cover is not the end of the world but it is another one of those pesky boating expenses that I just don't have.

On the list for next year, I want to add a fish finder. I hardly ever rely on one for the purpose of fishing but I still like to see the depth, temperature and drop offs. In fact, I am not sure I can even tell where a fish is in the water in relation to a picture of a fish swimming across the screen. Can anyone help me with that? And does anyone but me think there is some fellow at the fish finder factory that just programs the software to every once in a while show a lunker swimming by on the display?

I also plan on adding a 12v outlet. I laid the wiring in place last year but could not settle on a place to mount the plug as I cannot bring myself to put more holes in her dash. I like having one available and have used them to power such things as an FM radio, hand held spot light, GPS, portable marine radio and a cell phone.

It is critical that I add cup holders. Right now I can nestle a beverage on the front seat between me and the side of the boat. It is actually pretty handy and has been spill free. But I know, deep in my heart, that if my boat is graded by a merry band of boat builders, even though I like to think it might otherwise be highly thought of, I would get an automatic grade of F- due to the mandatory no

cup holder penalty. It's a good and just rule. So, no excuse, it's in the works. I just have to figure out how to mount them and avoid my hole drilling hang up.

She still has a few slow leaks that she's had from the get go. They are nothing serious but I would like to tighten up about 20 rivets. They are mostly under the built in seats where I can't reach to rebuck them or replace them with bolts. Looks like a job for closed end rivets. I should have fixed them this year but I had too much fun using the boat to take her out of service. Any day nice enough to rivet was, in my opinion, nice enough to hit the water. The hull has held up great and shown no signs of stress. I am convinced the leaks were caused by boaters who did stupid things like climb in and out of the boat on rocky shores during launching and recovery so as not to get their feet wet. Turkeys.

A bow mounted water cannon is planned for the refit, just because I can.

When she is in dry dock I would also like to add a windshield. The original is broken in two and heavily glazed so it is not suitable to use. I still have the pieces as I thought they might be good for a pattern. I bought a windshield off a fiberglass boat bound for the junkyard, hoping it would fit. It sort of did but it was 1 1/2" too wide and when I tweaked it, pop, 2" crack. The mounting bolt pattern won't match up either and I can't get over my aversion to adding holes.

A windshield is of little interest to me in the summer but will let me get on the water a month earlier in the spring and keep me on the water a month later in the fall. I'm thinking it will nicely deflect all that freezing cold lake air over me instead of cutting straight through me like a buzz saw. I would love to hear any suggestions on how to make or procure a cheap windshield that would fit the compound curve of a 60-year-old bow and not scare all the women away.

I have an old school canvas Bimini top that looks to be the right size. There are already holes drilled in the boat from previous mounting hardware. I don't enjoy getting baked by the sun but it might make the boat a little congested. I'm still thinking about it.

Right now she is set up as a fair weather runabout pleasure boat. She is perfect for this but I find her cramped and awkward for fishing. I am reducing my fleet by selling the Kingfisher so adding an interchangeable fish-

ing configuration to the Flying C might just be the ticket.

She'll need improved anchoring. I'm thinking an anchor ball system would be effective as she is otherwise difficult to anchor due to her closed bow.

I set up her current living room sofa style rear seat so it just pops on and off the bench bracket. It would be a simple matter to substitute a dedicated fishing seat when the need arises. I think a folding seat on a swivel, mounted to a pedestal bolted to a piece of $\frac{3}{4}$ " ply would do the job. It would put me at an ideal height, give me 360° casting access and position me in complete and total control of the fishing command center. I would have to create a way to secure it. I don't want to go for a ride from the tremendous leverage

I could put on the system if, I mean when, I lean into a big fat perch, ah, er, northern pike.

Done right, there will be space on the seat mounting assembly to add a few rod holders, a net holder, tackle box and I hope this gets my grade up, double drink holders. With proper discipline and planning, I can set up a precision front seat loading plan so I can just reach over the seat backs and even with my eyes closed, with no wasted motion, pick a sandwich out of the cooler.

There just might be space for a portable live well on the rear deck by the gas tank. It will be a tight squeeze so I want to test out the seat arrangement first to make sure I leave enough space for my feet when I swivel to the back.

A handy thing for a fishing boat is an electric trolling motor. The transom is cluttered by the cable and drum steering and I loath to mount a unit on the bow, it's back to the drilling additional holes thing. I want to easily add the motor when I twist her into the fishing configuration and remove it for general cruising. Does anyone have any ideas on such a way to mount a trolling motor?

My thanks to Bill Moulton for his technical assistance, being very generous with his magnificent spares bin and letting me use a spot in his workshop last winter. I would also like to express my appreciation to his wife Kathie for her good humor when I was underfoot for the countless hours I spent disturbing everybody in Bill's shop.



This large dock is on Lake Champlain, Mallets Bay public boat launch, Colchester, VT. When I see the picture I just want to jump in her and go. Note the contrast with the boats opposite!



This picture of the boat by the wooden dock is at one of the state campground islands at Lake George. Notice the fine job I did tying her up. I have my own method of which I am very proud.

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There's almost nothing as fun as working with foam, it's so easy to cut, shape and sand. I've been after the holy grail of kayaks for years, light weight and durable. I can make light boats out of thin wood, but since they're wood I need to take care of them or they'll rot and fall to pieces. If I glass them too much they're too heavy. I can buy plastic kayaks that will last forever no matter what I do to them but they weigh too much.

What I'm looking for is a 14' kayak that weighs under 15lbs and will hold up forever no matter what the level of care I give it. I'm talking about really bad care like being buried in a wet marsh for a year or sunk in the mud, something I can leave out in the weather and have it ready to go any time. I want it light enough to be able to throw it up onto *Helen Marie's* cabin top or wear it's a hat when it's raining. I believe that all this can be done. Here's my first try and it would have been successful except for a slight miscalculation in some of my numbers, the next one will fit the bill. Steve was there to record my maiden voyage and Lenna got some more that afternoon. Here's the link to the YouTube video, I know you'll enjoy it because it's of me screwing up: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LpK_Nfb2k78.



I took an old wooden boat that was starting to rot and cut it up to get the basic shape and drew it out on 2" foam, you know, the white stuff you get at Lowes for about \$25 a plank.



Foam Boat First Try

By Dave Lucas



I made some patterns and cut out the foam. At first I was going to make it like a real boat with a top, bottom and sides until Howard suggested to just cut a bunch of layers the same size and shape and carve them to look like a boat. This way is a whole lot easier. My design problem occurred at this change point. I had already cut out the top deck and had made it 2" smaller all around because I was going to have the sides come up on the outside of the top for some reason. I got distracted and cut five more layers using this smaller shape, which resulted in a boat 4" too narrow. Instead of 28" inches wide I got 24", a world of difference it turned out.



I even had a seat built in to keep my rear dry. The top layer had been pre cut and tapered, oh, never mind, I screwed up.

And a custom backrest. At this point the boat weighted about 9lbs. I then glassed the bottom, sides and cockpit floor with 6oz cloth but just epoxy coated the deck to save weight. Solid foam is surprisingly strong all by itself.



This stuff is really easy to work with if you don't mind the huge mess it makes.



Before I painted the top I took it down to the river to try out. Tuck was a little skeptical. I could still easily pick it up with one hand.



This is when I discovered my slight engineering error, a skinny boat with a top heavy paddler won't stay upright. No matter how hard I tried I couldn't stay out of the water. You can see in the video that shorter or smaller bodies can make it work but not us large size guys, our center of gravity is just too high.



Cessna helped me bring in the paddle I broke in the attempt, Tuck stayed on the beach laughing.

A picture of defeat, the next one will work perfectly, or maybe the one after the next one. Make all the suggestions you want but remember that the goal is 15lbs max and be pretty much indestructible so you skin on frame guys need not apply.



John Bradford, a retiree to this community and a wooden boat enthusiast, has donated to the Southport Wooden Boat Show three boats he built over the years. The boats were on display on Saturday, September 27, at the Southport Wooden Boat Show, set up along West Moore Street and the Yacht Basin.

Bradford's boat building interest began in 1979 in Massachusetts. He knew Bob Hicks, editor of *Messing About in Boats* and a legend within the boat building world, from the Mystic, Connecticut, community. Bradford signed up for a boat building class in an apprentice role, using hand tools for over two years.

Bradford lived in Lexington, Massachusetts, where he built his first boat based on an Asa Thomson plan he got from *Wooden Boat Magazine*. The seats in the Asa Thomson were constructed from an old mahogany dining room table.

His "most complicated" boat took two years to build, weather was a factor and his work took great concentration. His Asa Thomson took its first voyage in Boston Harbor.

Bradford's second boat was the Melonseed sailboat and that idea came from a visit to the North Carolina Maritime Museum in Beaufort, where he saw a model of the boat.

The final boat Bradford constructed was a kayak, it was not a flat bottomed kayak but rather an Alaskan style rounded bottom that created initial challenges for staying upright when launched. More paddle skills are required, and he learned that lesson well.

Asa Thompson Skiff

The 11' lapstrake planked Asa Thomson is constructed of white pine planking, apple knees and mahogany seats.

"Elegant" is a word often used to describe Asa Thomson skiffs, legendary in its form and function among boat enthusiasts. It is a skiff created by a perfectionist:

"Asa T. Thomson has been building boats many years and was never known to use anything but copper fastenings. If an owner asked Asa to build him a fine little craft and

Three Donated Craft Among Display

By Celeste Plassman Special to the *Pilot*
Reprinted from *The State Port Pilot*
Southport, North Carolina



John Bradford

furnished fastenings of iron himself, it's safe to bet when the job was finished the fastenings would be copper just the same, (even) if Asa had to pay for them himself." (*New Bedford Standard Times*, 1927, in *Wooden Boat Magazine*, July/August 1979.)

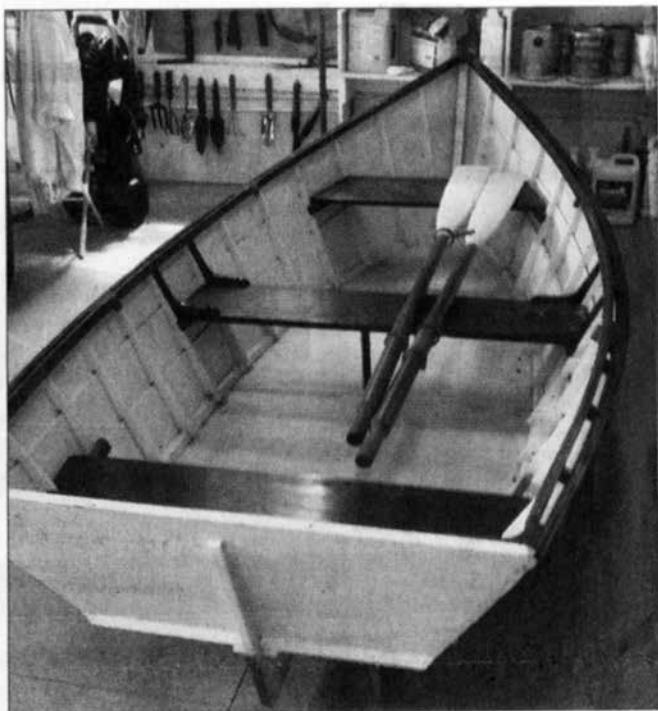
The use of wooden boats has always been a craft of change in relationship to the boaters' needs and desires. As time brought on the greater use of the outboard motor, the traditional wooden boats often took second place to the expanding market demands for the motorized crafts. Asa Thomson built boats to accommodate the public's demands, but his pride in craftsmanship never wavered. He built canoes, high speed prams and yacht tenders, but his personal and professional interest seemed to be with the flat bottomed skiff.

The Asa Thomson skiff is a classic example of form following function. Everything follows, a specific boat designed for a specific purpose in a specific area. For New Bedford sailors who had visions of reaching across Buzzard Bay to the Elizabeth Islands for a summer picnic, the flat bottomed skiff was the answer. it provided a stable platform when grounded on the beach. Unlike round bottomed boats, it was easy to float again without wading into deeper water before climbing aboard." (*Wooden Boat*, July/August 1979.)

The planking was cedar and strengthened by tapered oak frames of 3/8" framing. She was built light and the weight was less than 100 pounds. Asa Thomson is a rowing skiff that is responsive in the water and carries up to three people.

Melonseed Sailboat

The Melonseed skiff is a finely crafted small sailer that originated in the New Jersey shore areas. It is thought that the Melonseed skiff most likely evolved from the sneakbox as gunners (hunters) began sailing out farther into the rougher waters and the need for a more seaworthy vessel arrived. The sneakbox had been used in marsh areas and inland waterways by hunters. During the times of the sneakbox, and



Bradford described the Asa Thomson, which he completed in 1981, as the "most complicated" to build.



The Melonseed design has been used extensively along the Jersey shore.

then later the Melonseed, hunting was considered a profession and not primarily a sport.

The main difference between the sneakbox and the Melonseed was in the design of the hull. The design alteration allowed the gunning boat to move out farther into open waters.

"They were designed to carry a single man, his gun and decoys out into the open water in pursuit of waterfowl." (*WoodenBoat*, September/October 2004.) Even though the Melonseed was designed for gunning, today the small vessel has many attributes allowing it to be used as a fine recreational boat. It is a timeless day sailing boat.

This boat has several unique design features. "The Melonseed was given a true stern, V shaped forward section. The Melonseed's finer entry helped cut the water and keep the boat from pounding into oncoming waves. Likewise, Melonseeds were given a strongly raked transom, which would tend to soften the blow from a following sea, lifting the boat over it. Amidships the builders put a harder turn to the bilges, thereby stiffening the boat. This allowed it to carry sail with greater authority in rough weather and added a small amount of freeboard." (*WoodenBoat*, September/October 2004.)

The donated Melonseed is 14' long, clinker built, gaff rigged with white pine planking, with a Dacron sail laced to mast hoops. It was built by Bradford in 1984.

Kayak

A kayak is a small, relatively narrow, human powered boat designed mainly to be manually propelled by a double bladed paddle. The traditional kayak has a covered deck and one or more cockpits, each seating one paddler. The cockpit is sometimes covered by a spray deck which prevents water from waves or spray to enter the cockpit, making it possible for skilled kayakers to roll the kayak and right it without it filling with water or ejecting the paddler.

The first kayaks (thought to go back to at least the year 1000) were fashioned from driftwood and animal skins by the natives of the Arctic regions of Asia, North America

and Greenland. These long, narrow, covered boats were ideally suited for hunting seals and walrus across the frigid Arctic waters. The name kayak means "hunter's boat." (*The Kayaking Journal*.)

When fiberglass was introduced in the 1950s, the design, shape and functions of kayaks underwent drastic change. This was followed by the introduction of rotomolded plastic (or rotational molding), the "modern" process to building many of the kayaks today.

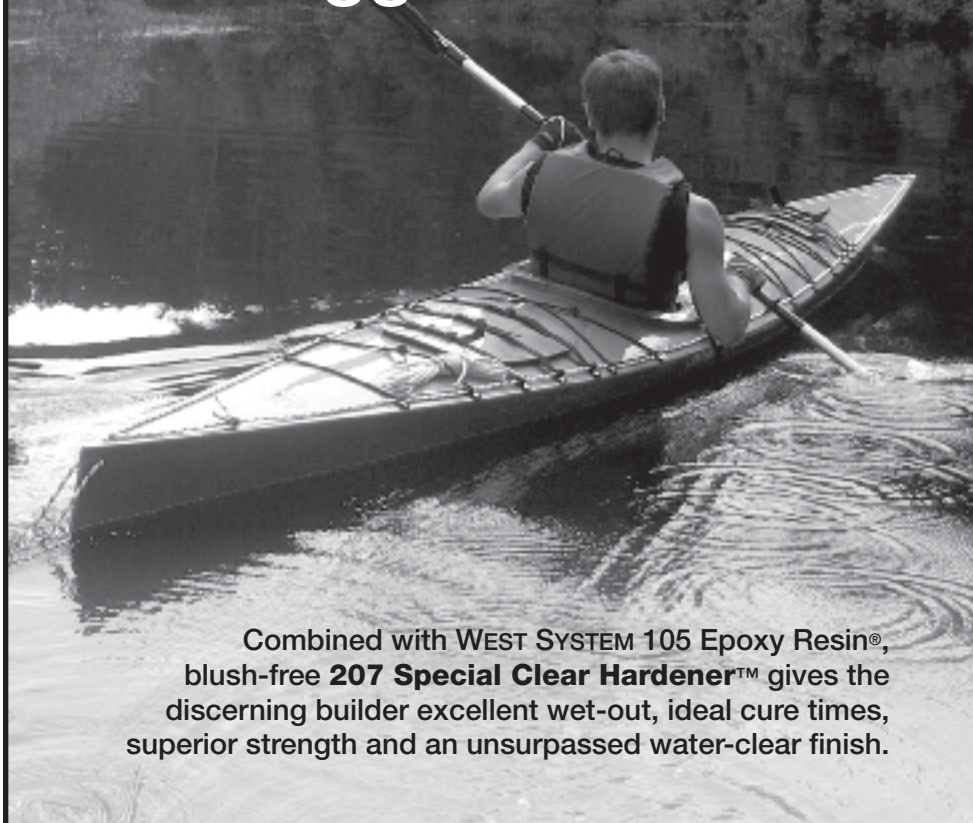
The kayak donated to the Southport Wooden Boat Show is a handmade wooden boat and its function is aligned with the kayaks that took the natives of the Arctic regions out hunting.



Photos contributed

The all-wood kayak is patterned after those used by hunters of the Arctic region.

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20 Mile Boat Build Begins

By Richard Honan



I was surprised and pleased to open the October issue and see the stories about the Blackburn Challenge and the Adirondack Guide Boat. I currently do a little bit of rowing with my brothers in my 15' Duck Trap Wherry that I built several years ago. I've rowed the Hull Snow Row (amongst icebergs), the tranquil Essex River Race and, more recently, the Minot's Light Roundabout. I've thought about the Blackburn Challenge but felt that the Duck Trap Wherry was too heavy and lacked the hull speed needed to go 20 miles.

After completing my latest boat building project, I was looking for a new challenge. Maybe build a boat that I could attempt to row the Blackburn Challenge? I'm not getting any younger. In a couple of years I'll be 70. In early September I decided that the Adirondack Guide Boat would be the boat that would help me get across the finish line of a 20 mile rowing race.

I ordered the plans for a 16' Adirondack Guide Boat from Newfound Woodworks in Bristol, New Hampshire. The molds have been drawn and transferred onto $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick MDF. The strips for the laminated stems have been cut. The $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick Western Red Cedar for the strips has been purchased from Arlington Coal and Lumber, along with the bead and cove router bits from Lee Valley Tools.



October 13

Work, if you can call it that, continues on the construction of my latest boat building project, a strip built 16' Adirondack Guide Boat. The molds, which will create the shape of the hull have been cut, the western red cedar which will make up the hull planking has been purchased and just yesterday, I cut the molds or forms for the bow and stern inner stems. Afterwards I cut up some cherry into $\frac{3}{16}$ " strips and epoxied them together in what will be the two inner stems for the bow and stern.

Tomorrow night I hope to cut the $\frac{11}{16}$ " thick western red cedar into strips approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ "x $\frac{11}{16}$ ". I will need approximately 1,300 linear feet of these strips to completely fabricate or construct the hull.

Hopefully, this coming weekend I will set up a router to cut the bead and cove on the western red cedar.





Following the cutting of the strips is the shaping or cutting of the bead and cove. It's a two person job with a lot of time spent setting up. Accuracy is the key.



First, I needed to set up a stock feeder machine that would automatically feed the the planks into the table saw blade. Setting up the machine and doing test cuts takes as long as cutting the actual strips. My "Italian" grandfather Nonno used to say, "measure ten times and cut once."



Each strip measures $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick x $\frac{11}{16}$ " in height.



Three feather boards set up to hold the individual strip against the fence and the router bit.



October 20

The molds have been cut and the laminated inner stems have been glued up. Next up is making the bead and cove strips that will make up the planking. The planking in this case is small strips of western red cedar. Almost 1,300 linear feet of strips need to be cut and then have a bead and a cove shape added to them.



Cutting 1,300 linear feet of strips is a slow, boring job



The sawing and shaping of the western red cedar strips fills the air with a aromatic scent of cedar, but precautions must be taken against breathing the toxic dust that it produces.



These are a couple of boats built by our friend Mike Jones. I want to mention Mike because he's the construction supervisor of an old timey boat shop they're building up in St Petersburg, Florida, at the big historical park there. This place is really neat, they're going all out to made it as true to life as it was back in the day. Well worth a day trip for you local guys.



The Mega Yacht and Stan's Junk are really taking shape. These boats really need to be named. Howard is experimenting with colors on the M/Y and Stan is up to his usual innovative tricks with the fold down side to make the boarding ladder. These two have to be out of the shop in two months to make room for our usual giant Thanksgiving party and pig out.

From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



Helen Marie is out of the water for a bottom job right now, I'm going to try some of the new water based bottom paint this time. I've noticed that no matter what they claim or how much it costs I still manage to get stuff I don't want on my boat bottom. This is a good time to pull her out because the other *Helen Marie*, the one I sleep with, is out of commission with a broken shoulder right now. She slipped and fell on the tile floor, cracked the upper ball of her arm bone where it goes into the shoulder. I think it was just a ploy to get me to take care of her.



Don't you love this reflection of the hull in the calm water under Steve's boat lift? You can see why she slips through the water so well. For all of you with melonseeds, this is what your hulls would look like if you blew them up by 25%. Well, all of you with Roger Allen designed melonseeds, that is.



Steve Lansdown sent this photo of some of the guys who took part in Washington Dan's "Movable Messabout" up in northern Idaho and Washington. You can see that the weather is cooling off up there and it won't be long before this water turns to ice.



They visited several different lakes over a period of a couple of weeks and had a great time. Too bad it's so far away for me to go next year.



The boys up at Crystal River have started their next big build, this time a mullet skiff. When you say the word "skiff" to me I think of a little row or even pole boat as I'm sure you do. Since these guys aren't especially known for their brilliance, they're calling this one a "skiff" but it's going to be something like 30' long with an inboard engine. These are the same guys who took a simple Puddle Duck Racer and blew it up into a monster 30' Civil War scow sloop complete with it's own little tugboat and moonshine still. You do have to give it to them, they do think large. They always build a large scale model of their project first so everyone can see what it's going to look like.



I'll have to make a trip up when they start planking this transom, I can hear all of the bitching and moaning now and see Whalen and Steve cracking the whip to keep their rats on the job.



Here's a couple of really funky boats, now you're talking. The bright one that looks like it's upside down has to be the one Jay Bliss built. Sometime it's a sailboat and sometime a motor boat and this time it's probably an electric powered racing boat, I'll let you know when I find out. The last time I saw Jay he'd just taken the giant battery and controller out of a hybrid car and claimed that it was safe. Isn't that what Edison said back when they were fighting between AC and DC power grids? I think a zillion amps DC is still really bad for you.



The yellow and green round window boat is something you'd expect to see coming out of our shop. It would give Stan's new Junk a run for the money. Richard also sent pictures of the usual fancy, pretty traditional boats but what can I say, they all start to look the same after a while, it's refreshing to see some strange creations.

That's a good reason for going to Texas for the PlyWooden Boat Festival, there's sure to be lots of strange and even ugly boats there but I'm sure they'll all be interesting. I was actually thinking of going to that one until my honey fell and broke her shoulder all to hell, she can't do anything without me.

I can't believe how many of you guys are so talented. I talk about Barry Long and his fancy dancy little melonseeds but he's also a world famous photographer, why you guys even associate with me is a mystery, maybe it's because I'll call you a dumb ass in public. If I ever say something nice about any of you I'll get a fast email back wanting to know what you did wrong. Guys get it, wives don't. Here's a link to more of Barry's pictures, this one for his blog: <http://www.eyeinhand.com/Marginalia/category/melonseeds/>. More pictures at [index.html](#).



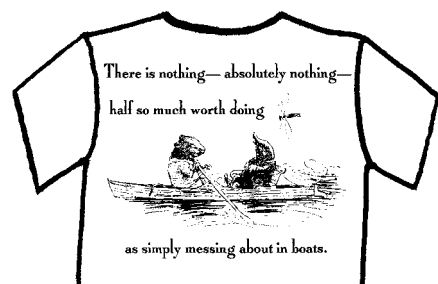
Here's a Google Earth picture of my house that was taken in April. It shows my strangely shaped dock with *Helen Marie* and *Chelsea* tied up. The dock is a reflection of how I view things. Why have the same old normal boring stuff when you can do odd shapes if you're doing it yourself.



We actually live in a tree house, it's under these huge old live oaks so I guess it's really an under the tree house. Crazy Steve lives across the river so his daily commute is a bitch, all 1800 feet of it and no chance of a DUI. The place two houses down toward the river from him has just come on the market for about \$250k.



Mike Burwell is probably the last of you who'll make the trip to Buffalo this year to see our buddy Roger Allen here and his Buffalo Maritime Center. The place freezes up next week. They have a huge output of all kinds of boats because there's nothing else to do in the winter, even drinking gets old after a while (I can hear Steve laughing at that).

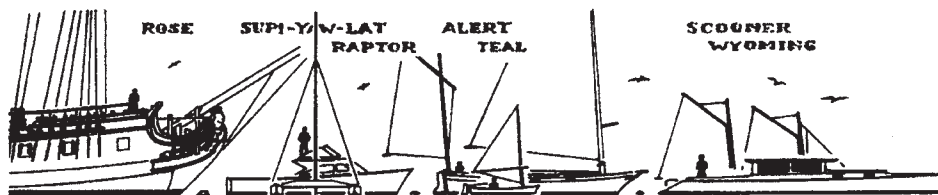


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After the massive tome on "Fisheries Policies" in last issue, time for something really short and easy in this issue. Instead of burning eyelids and early onset migraines trying to wade through all that, this time a simple, easy on the nerves exercise in the obvious.

Yes, she looks almost like the proposal in the September issue, but she's 1'5" longer and is powered by an industrial three cylinder 45/55hp Diesel engine driving a C configuration sail drive with a 16" three bladed prop. So she's got some more draft from that long keel protecting the bronze lower unit outdrive and the rudder and, as you'd expect, this Diesel drive train allows swinging mighty alternators, even a modest AC compressor. And with two sizable fuel tanks under the dinettes forward, we would be talking a lot more range than with the gasoline outboards. With the air/oil cooled triple shown, you'd likely have greater reliability as well due to the absence

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Another Preliminary Study for "Windermere-40" Model 3 'Raised Deck Diesel Cruiser'

40'3"x8'6"x2'6"x1x45hp Diesel

of engine related water pump, plumbing, strainer, seacocks. In cooler cruises we'd try to dump the hot engine air right into the cabin. Should suffice to keep windows clear in danker if not wintry conditions.

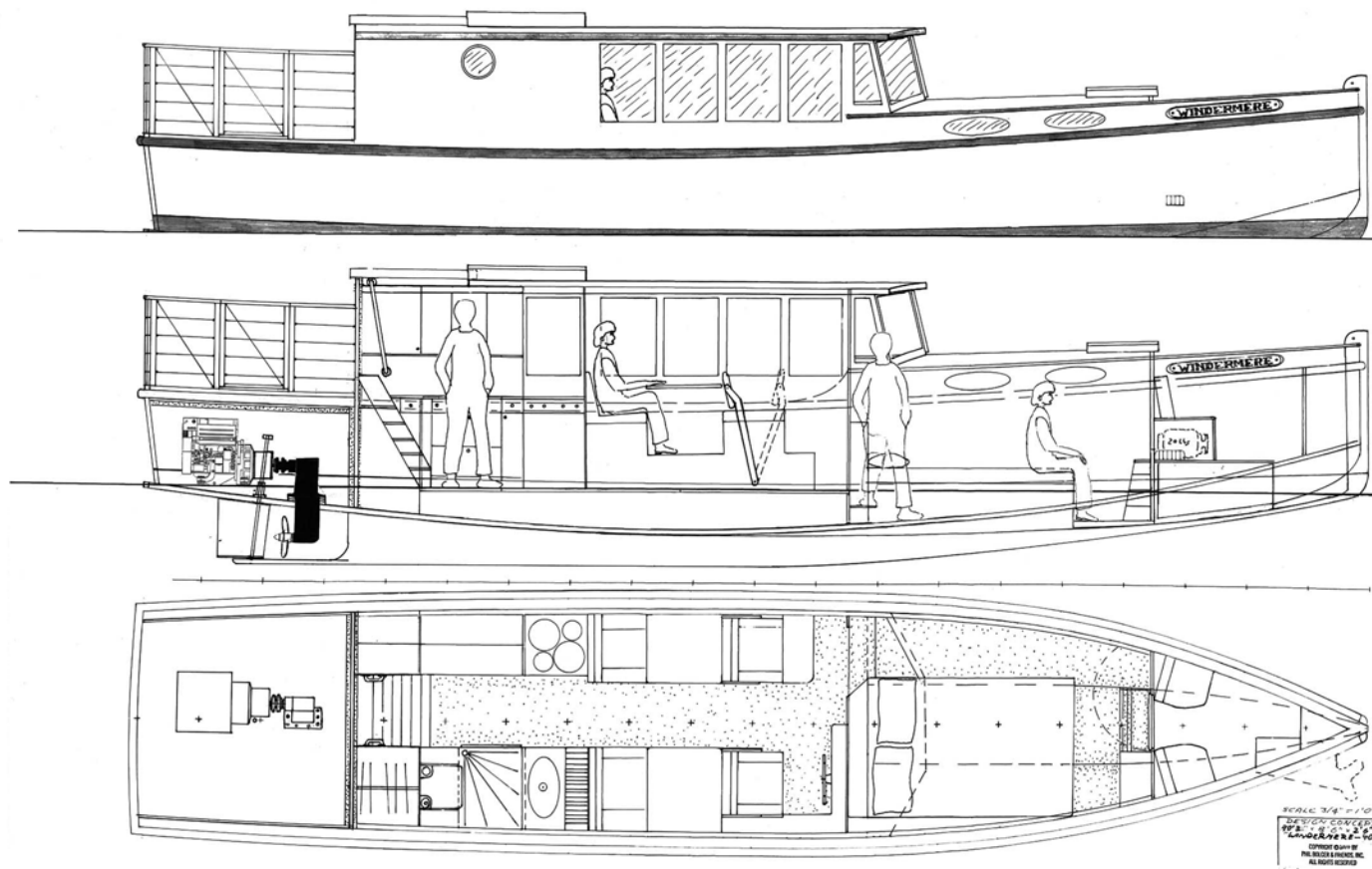
The interior is unchanged, the companionway stair a bit lower though, due to

the lower stern deck, now longer measuring about 6'6" x 6'6". Not shown here is the option of a 7' long dinghy hung transversely across her stern.

Adding those 17" in length and re emphasizing her sheer does a lot in looks over the bob tailed flavor shown in September. That "shorty," however, would match the Erie Canal lower cost length limits for those who'd care a lot about that.

Finally a quick note on the drive train and rudder geometry. To make the rudder location work, the sail drive prop shaft is on centerline. But the drive is mounted tilted some to port to have the input shaft from the engine and gearbox clear the centerline rudder stock inside the hull. Easy as that and would give yard managers something to discuss wherever she's hauled out.

Next issue likely more on this theme.



Real Uses for a Computer

I have read Malcolm Fifer's articles about displacement and it reminds me of a project I helped with a few years ago. Years back when the Winona Advantage first went onto the market, a friend of mine bought one. Dave Kruger, the designer, convinced him that he could beat the Jensen boats with this design.

My friend was, at that time a computer engineer, a real geek. He was also a fairly good canoe racer. He came to me one evening with a request. He knew that I had the tools to lift lines off canoe sized boats, and he brought his Advantage over and together we lifted the lines from the bottom 4" of the hull. We did this all in metric dimensions.

My friend felt that the boat was stern heavy and he wanted to know exactly where the CG was. During his lunch break the following day he wrote a program that would total the number of cubic centimeters for each station. His program scanned the boat, starting at the keel and slicing the hull into one centimeter slices. It also calculated the displacement of each slice. He set it up to continue this operation until the displacement reached 100 kilos. At that point it continued the slice it was on to the end of the boat, then computed the CG and stopped.

The next evening he came back with his boat and asked me to help him move the seat forward a couple inches. His racing improved after that.

I am still not a strong computer guy but I can see some real uses for this tool.

Talking to My Boats!

Really nothing much happening this fall in my shop, still trying to stretch out summer as long as I can. Maybe I have read too much by Tom McGrath in the past about his arguments with his old Townie, for now I have been hearing from some of my boats.

I was walking by the canoe rack the other day on my way to the storage building, my old workshop, when I heard a whining noise. There was only one boat on the rack



By Mississippi Bob

,a plywood canoe that I named *El Barco*. It is a "Sweet Dream" that I built several years back. I wouldn't leave any of my strippers outside because the sunlight kills them faster than the rocks. A painted plywood boat can handle this better.

On my way back to the house I heard the moan again. "Have you got a problem?" I asked the canoe.

The canoe answered saying, "You don't love me any more."

"What am I doing talking to a canoe?" I asked myself. "I love you just as much as I ever did."

The boat said, "You have been spending too much time with that blond, day after day you are out with her."

The boat was right. The blond she was talking about was the Mini Slipper that I built a couple years ago. When I built her I included a lot of light colored stripes. I was also careful to glass her immediately after a really good sanding so I would get all the light colors that cedar would can give before the surface had a chance to oxidize.

She was right, I had been using the blond a lot this summer. I said to the canoe, "OK, next time you go with me," and I was good to my word. A couple days later we went to the lake together.

El Barco said to me as we traveled around the lake, "See I know how to behave."

I answered, "Yes, but you are filthy. I hate to take you out in public as dirty as you are."

The boat said "Well, clean me up then. You leave me outside all summer and never even look my way. Clean me up."

"I can't. I don't have a sponge to clean you with. Maybe tomorrow we will come back with a sponge."

"Tomorrow," the boat said, "I can hardly wait."

The next day we were back at the lake and *El Barco* got thoroughly cleaned and she behaved very well all day, never another complaint.

When I got home and put the boat back on the rack I heard a moan from the loft. The only canoe of mine up there was the Tern. She was an old boat that I built about 30 years ago. What's going on, I thought, are all my boats getting moody, just like women? I climbed up into the loft to have a talk with Tern. "You got a problem, too?" I said to the boat.

"You bet," she said. "You have been out all summer doing free style stuff with THAT BLOND and never even putting your nose up here to see if I'm OK."

OK, on my next outing the Tern came down from the loft and went to the lake with me. "You see," she said "I'm much faster than those other boats, you should use me more."

I am getting to feel like a bigamist trying to keep several wives happy. For now the boats are all happy but we have a winter coming up soon and none of us will be happy. Still trying to choose a winter project for my shop so maybe they will all get their turns in the shop getting facelifts, then we should all be happy for a while.

I sometimes wonder whether the spirit of Kenneth Grahame feels like the buxom lady who chided an admirer, "Eye contact is above shoulder level." Alas, some lines are just so impressive that it's not easy to get past those bulwarks. And thus many admirers fail to appreciate the entire person or the entire prose. As with the buxom lady, that's the case, I suspect, with, "There is nothing, absolutely nothing, half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats." How many of us, exposed as adults to those famous lines through boating, go on to read the entire *Wind in the Willows*?

A documentary on boating the Grand Canyon was my introduction to Ratty's famous words. An audio book, however, brought the entire story to life with characters like Toad and Badger no less enchanting than Ratty and Mollie. In fact, hearing *The Wind in the Willows* read aloud may be the most delightful way to experience the story as it was intended to be experienced by a young audience. There's a multitude of audio versions from which to choose. So choose carefully. Find that particular voice which for you adds to the magic rather than detracts. To add further, find a print version with line drawings washed in watercolors.



Eye Contact

Eventually Ratty's words will be more than a call to arms, the boater's version of *The Desiderata* for Happiness. You'll hear the voices, picture the indelible characters and be on your way to Toad Hall. You'll have gone beyond shoulder level.

"Synecdoche" is the grammatical term for taking one element to represent the whole. The particular element chosen as representative emphasizes one particular aspect

of the whole. For a boat the bow which parts the waves is the forward looking aspect, the transom taking leave of land is the reflective. Ratty's famous advice to Mollie underscores the whimsy of *Wind in the Willows* and the whimsical nature of boating. It's a call not just to go boating but also to not take our time on the water too seriously, to appreciate that whimsy is a part of boating's beauty. Now contrast Ratty's line with another famous line that opens a nautical adventure.

"Call me Ishmael" tells us from the start this voyage will not be whimsical. The entire tone of Melville's work is captured in the cadence of those first three words. The warning is as clear as Dante's warning, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." These lines emphasize the non whimsical, less than playful aspect of life, whether nautical or not. Picture Melville's phrase, or Dante's, or Dickens' opening to *A Tale of Two Cities*, "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times," gracing the front of a T shirt. In that case the lady offended by the lack of higher eye contact might consider that her admirer is merely studying the words on her shirt. Where has he come across those famous lines before, in what other context? What do they now signify splayed across such a chest?

Anke and I live aboard *Slacktide*, our T26x7 (feet) JR ketch. We sail by wind, tide and muscle in the waters of southeast Alaska. We try to maximize the joys of life and minimize the chores. I design a line of simple barge/scow hulls suitable for sail and/or power, available at TriloBoats.com.

In the SE Alaskan archipelago, our home waters, we're exposed to sudden, fierce (abrupt) downdrafts of cold air rolling down from glacial fields. We see our share of gale and worse. Short, steep chop can mount suddenly to thrashing rips that swallow the unwary. And yet, all this fury can subside to zephyrs whose breath barely disturbs the mirror of the sea.

Since '97, *Junk Rig (JR)* has been our boon companion, blow high, blow low.

Already an inexpensive rig and KISS (Keep It Simple Sailor), we dumb it down further to its lowest common denominator. Flat cut, parallelogram sails with two running lines (single sheet and halyard) each. Dead simple in the crunch. Easy to build, rig, handle and maintain. But, ah, slow on the wind.

The price of JR simplicity (as generally reckoned) has been merely good enough windward performance, relative to the gold

Crab Claw + Split Junk Rig

By Dave Zeiger

standard of Bermudian Rig (BR). Recently shaping of panels has added performance enhancing camber, at some cost in rigging/handling complexity. Camber has moved JR upwards from racing's also ran status.

Enter Slieve McGalliard's Split Junk Rig (SJR). From its first prototype implementations SJR has breezed past good enough and sailed well into the upper middle of the pack of Bermudian rigged racing fleets. And this without complicating basic JR rigging, mechanics or handling! Construction, while a bit more extensive, remains straightforward, on par with any cambered sail. Not only is it fast and weatherly, but its large balance eases strain on rig and helm. BRILLIANT!!!

The obvious path would be to simply follow Slieve's lead and implement his latest, successful solution. But that would be too easy.

Sailing without an engine, we've come to favor a cat ketch rig (low combined CE, smaller, more manageable sails, many options for balance and excellent maneuverability from individual CEs distant from the CLR, large, aft air rudder, masts stepped clear of interior accommodations).

In addition, we prefer an upper panel modeled closely after Crab Claw (CC) Rig. (Note: Our variant of CC may be more familiar to some as Sunfish Rig.) When deeply reefed, this flat cut panel nevertheless assumes a low and weatherly shape. Its deeply hollowed leech moves its CE inboard when sheets are eased for off the wind sailing, reducing weather helm. So, in considering the rig for our next boat, we choose to top an SJR mainsail with a CC panel.

If you're not interested in technical considerations, you're done! Thanks for joining us.

In modeling sail geometries, our goal is to have the framework hang docilely in shape at every reef point, without shaping assistance from running control lines (such as yard, throat or luff parrels). The challenge is to peak up the yard without spoiling the shape of the sail below.

A McGalliard SJR's large balance (combined with low yard angle) moves the sail's centerline of gravity forward, toward and parallel to the mast, reducing its tendency to swing forward and cant (tendencies which must often be countered by running control lines). Consequently the upper panel hangs nearly vertically from its sling point, while the lower sail depends vertically from the lowermost head panel batten.

Taking upper panels collectively, as a unit, it is poled out from the mast, in effect, by its lower batten whose forward swing is checked at the mast by a (very) short batten parrel. This batten plays an important role as the center point of rig geometries to follow.

Substituting a CC upper panel cants the yard, positioning the sling point forward, out of line with the sail's centerline of gravity. Repositioning the sling point considerably aft from the yard's midpoint to a point close in line with the sail's center of gravity both restores that alignment AND re establishes in offset relative to the yard, improving lead and leverage for automatic peaking tension against the weight of the sail, tack lines or crafty downhauls.

CC spars come together at the tack (no free luff), employing some form of universal joint at the tack. This U joint allows the yard and uppermost batten to pivot in plane, and/or twist off to leeward. A simple lashing or rope grommet, seized round the middle to form a figure eight, does the trick for a pittance.

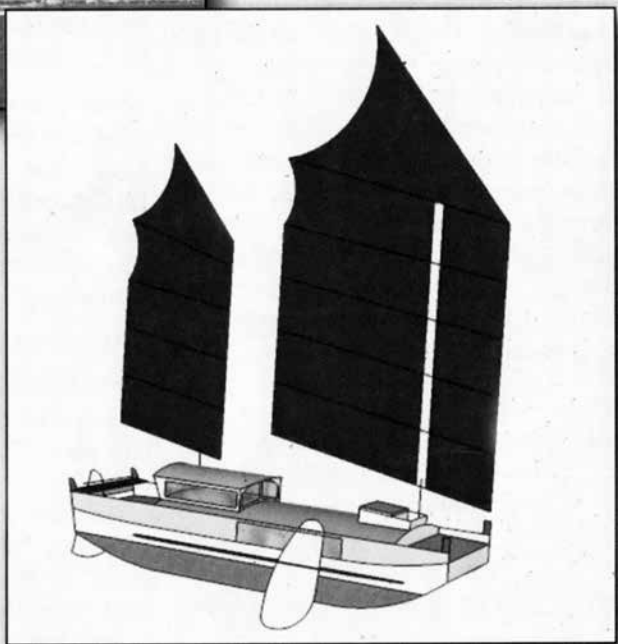
This U joint has another, important effect, by fixing their relative motion, it establishes a strut relationship between yard and upper batten. Deformation of the upper panel is eliminated without additional control lines or convex luff. Yard, batten and panel, their relationship fixed by the U joint, sailcloth and/or roping, raise and rotate as unit around its lower, very short batten parrel, which constrains both batten AND yard.

To check upper panel rotation (peaking), a standing, short yard parrel may be fitted whose length is adjusted for optimal position and which helps relieve the very short batten parrel on the upper batten from forward thrust.

As the very short batten parrel constrains the entire head panel from fore and aft movement, it appears that a yard hauling



Slieve McGalliard's
Poppy under SJR



T32 x 8 - our
Hopeful Monster

parrel may be unnecessary. Motion is limited to rocking around the parrel, which is dampened by tension from, or proximity to the lower sail.

As these two parrels bear the brunt of out of line stresses they should be especially slippery. We've found that polyethylene spiral wrap (used to bundle electrical cables) around parrels along the mast is slick, quiet, durable and stands up well to UV. These are sold by length in several diameters.

In practice (only modeled to date), hauling the halyard first raises the yard up to position, pivoting around the U joint, and raising the upper panel. It's flat cut, tension is transmitted nearly uniformly from yard to upper batten, otherwise at tack and leech. From there, the triangular upper panel raises as a unit, lifting the remaining sail vertically as normal, but nearly in line with the vertical pull of the halyard, guided by the very short batten parrels along the mast. (Note: These very short batten parrels are a standing alternative to Slieve's ingenious running alternatives, which closely limit batten movement against the mast. In this and other cases of running vs standing control lines, each builder will likely find his own priorities.)

It's likely that our arrangement will degrade sail efficiency, relative to an equivalent McGalliard SJR.

Certainly our short masts reduce sail area and aspect ratio, we're reducing area of the head panel, cutting flat, and decreasing its balance, reducing its luff and cutting a spar across its clear leading edge, our collective balance is less than the suggested optimal (due to hull layout considerations).

Our hope is that efficiency losses will be offset by somewhat simplified handling, construction and our preferred behavior of the CC upper panel when deep reefed. In any case, we expect a striking gain in performance.

And one other consideration. A general problem with shaped (cambered) panels is that, unless fully raised, the lifts are tensioned by the reefed sail bundle and cut the

aerofoil to some extent, proportional to the weight in the bundle and the degree of camber. While this doesn't appear to noticeably degrade performance, it's an irritation. But we'll leave this be for now.

However, my guess is that SJR jiblets, with their open aft curves, will be especially vulnerable to this kind of interference and the performance penalty especially high. I suspect that a lift, cutting their camber, would squash them. This would seriously compromise their shape and flatten their forward angle of incidence, an important aspect of their theory of operation. None have been fitted on Slieve McGalliard's SJR rigged *Poppy*.

But without them, the jiblets, like any other unsupported bunt of sail, will flop and flog when lowered. Not a comforting prospect for a cruiser in chronically windy country.

Simple sail stops are an obvious partial solution. But they must be undone before sail can be raised, one more thing to do should the anchor drag in the dark o' night. Also, we find that we frequently use the forward lifts to raise or adjust the angle of the boom. We'd miss them if not installed. So simple stops would disappoint.

The goal is to gather jiblet bunts as they are reefed into the sail bundle. The challenge is to gather them without compromising the shape of those raised and drawing.

One perk of SJR is that its slot is conveniently absent of camber to cut. The slot is located at the mast, roughly one third abaft the forward luff. This is far enough forward that, in conjunction with after lifts (aka topping lifts or lazyjacks), the sail bundle is adequately supported. A forward lift is therefore optional in terms of supporting the sail bundle.

Thus, a forward lift/sail gatherer could be removed aft in line with the mast for general sailing, clearing the jiblets. At the end of the day, it could be returned to its forward position, where it gathers the bunts of all jiblets, ready to raise. The only requirement would be opening eyelets say, by means of barrel bolts on the underside of the boom at

both positions, which prison the forward lift as it passes under the boom. This solution works for fully raised, or fully doused sail. What of in between?

Our best thought to date is to employ one or more specialized sail stops. Each jiblet would sport one of more grommets located just above or below its upper batten, at the point of most efficient bunt gathering. Each sail stop, one end fixed at the boom, would be led through the grommet near the lowermost raised panel and back down to a cleat on the boom, constraining the bunt of all reefed jiblets. When not in use, they could be fixed along the boom.

Downside is that their use requires deckwork, at one's leisure after reefing, but necessary before raising sail again. Their use is optional, however, if jiblet bunts are left unconstrained, the arrangement handles as if neither lift nor stop were fitted. But when desired, the jiblet bunts can be constrained, both while sailing and at anchor.

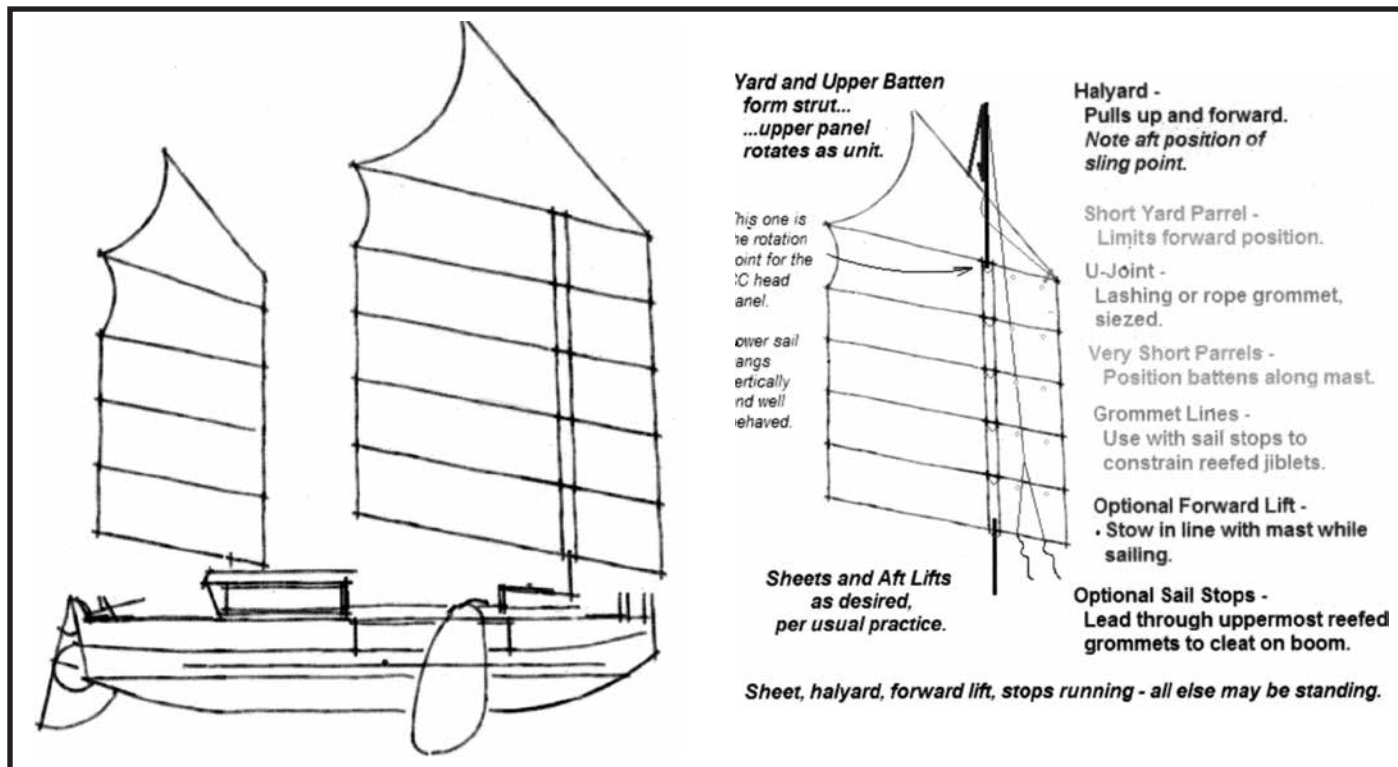
All told, we have high hopes that we've struck on a good compromise for our particular bundle of needs and wants. Hopefully we'll have some field results to report in 2015.

For a selection of Slieve McGalliard's writings on Camber and the Split Junk Rig, look here: <http://junkrigassociation.org/slieve>.

You can follow our progress at any of the following:

Triloboats.com
Triloboats.blogspot.com
ABargeInTheMaking.blogspot.com

Editor Comments: Should any reader wish to get into this junk rig culture more deeply, the Junk Rig Association (UK) puts out three copies yearly of its journal, *Junk Rig Magazine*. The June 2014 issue, sent to me by long time readers/supporter Derek Van Loan (where this article first appeared) has 66 pages in full color on glossy paper stock. It is a treasure trove of information on junk rigs. An online version is also offered to members. To follow up go to: junkrigassociation.org



Going to a boat show is a wonderful experience as long as one remembers that there is no "perfect" boat. All boats are a compromise to reach a desired result. Until the planing hull was developed and made financially accessible to the general public, most boats were designed "long and narrow" as this design provides the least resistance to the water for the displacement hull. In many cases, the length to beam ratio was 6 to 1 (a canoe is usually 7 to 1). With a planing hull, a wider beam provided more "lift" to the boat and was considered desirable.

For displacement hulls, the waterline length is still the determining factor for efficient boat speed. To carry cargo or provide more comfort to the passengers, the beam on a displacement hull is increased in relation to its length, resulting in the need to increase the horsepower to push the design to near its maximum speed.

Another frequent factor in the design of pleasure boats is the limitation on length (and beam) for towing on the highway. With a maximum for width on the road of 8' and a maximum length for the entire rig (boat, trailer and tow vehicle of 53', or thereabouts), planning hulls became the optimum design and displacement hulls were left for powered cruisers and larger sailboats.

Another factor influencing pleasure craft design is the safety equipment requirements based on the length of the boat. For some reason, buried in the past rule making, a boat less than 26' did not have to carry as much equipment as one over 26'. Thus, in addition to the width limitation for pulling a boat on a trailer, designers had to work within the maximum length overall of 26' to avoid added expenses for additional required safety equipment. My Sisu 26 is actually 25.4' long. The beam of 9.7' does not matter in terms of safety equipment requirements, but it does mean that the boat is not "trailerable" on public roads without a special permit.

The minimum required safety equipment for your boat is not that extensive, but the additional items can take up a good deal of limited space. There is an old cartoon showing a lifeboat with all the required equipment and the sailor's comment to his superior was along the line of, "with all the required gear, there is no room for the passengers." With



my craft under 26', I need the accessible PFDs, the sound device, the fire extinguisher, etc., as well as the suggested anchor and suitable length of rode, a bailer and, of course, the fishing gear, ice chest and the like. The more gear I add, the more weight, and hence, the need for a larger motor (and accompanying fuel tank(s)) to propel the craft.

When my wife and I were canoeing on the local rivers we had an ice chest between us tied in the center of the canoe, a small grapple type anchor, 15' of rode, a waterproof clothes bag and our PFDs. If it could not fit in the ice chest or the waterproof clothes bag, it was not on board. Our Sisu 26 has a lot more "extra" stuff like a VHF radio, a GPS, tool box, spare parts, a radar reflector, diver down flag and the like. The last time I unloaded the boat it took four trips to carry everything off and into storage.

While previously discussed factors influenced the design of pleasure craft, other parameters affected commercial and military craft. After completion of the Panama Canal, with inside dimensions of 110' wide by 1,050' long (with a usable length of 1,000') and a maximum depth of water of 40', the locks were a controlling factor in commercial and military hull design. For the United States, the locks dictated US warship design limitations since the ships were supposed to use the Canal to move from one coast to the other as needed.

As an example of what the requirements resulted in design, consider the *Iowa* Class battleship with a length of 887', a beam of 108' and a maximum draft of 36'. A picture of an *Iowa* Class battleship in one of the locks is something to behold. Also built within the constraints of the Canal system were aircraft carriers such as the *Essex* Class with a length

of 844', a beam of 93' and a draft of 23'. Both the battleships and the carriers had "straight" sides as they had to fit within the locks while being lifted or lowered. A friend, who was a navigator on one of the World War II carriers, remarked that making sure the flight deck (and supports) cleared everything while in a lock was always a concern. Following the end of World War II and the creation of the "super carrier" with a beam of greater than the width of the Canal locks, the Navy was back to sailing its carriers around Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope (when the Suez Canal was not available).

One of the interesting aspects of trying to put everything within a specified size of a boat is the location of electronics and the electrical wiring. The solutions are as myriad as the interior boat layouts. In most cases, the battery(ies) are located near the load (the engine(s)) to shorten the cable length from the battery(ies) to the engine(s). Such an arrangement works well for an inboard engine near the center of the boat. When you have an engine near the stern and the battery(ies) in the same general location, all the wiring for everything else has quite a way to run either under the cockpit sole or under the gunwale.

My Sisu 22 (inboard diesel) had the two batteries located in the stern to help trim the boat aft. The heavy cables ran down the center of the cockpit to the selector switch in the cabin. Not a good arrangement, but necessitated by the need to have the cockpit drain aft. Our current Sisu 26 has the batteries up by the engine and the long runs of cable are to the stern light and the bilge pump/float switch. The bilge pump and float switch are mounted on a rectangular piece of lead and rest in the bilge with the discharge hose going forward and up to an above waterline discharge port.

One current project is to replace the connection of the wiring from the battery to the float switch as well as the wiring from the on/off switch for the bilge pump in the cabin. The wiring is straightforward, it is re-connecting the wires (in the bilge) that is the project. At present, the wires are connected with a modified wire nut arrangement that needs to be replaced with a more "solid" connection. The trick is doing the work in the bilge area without taking everything apart.

Interesting Boat

By John Smith
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River
Chapter TSCA

I visited DC for a weekend this past fall and found this in the American History Museum, a model of a steamboat that ferried people from Hoboken to Manhattan in 1804. If you look closely you see it had twin screws with a single rudder amidships. What made this particular boat interesting to me was the use of propellers, which were quite crude, and the use of steam power in 1804. Back in the days of no power tools or computers, building the steam engine was an incredible undertaking.





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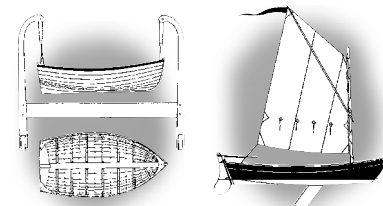


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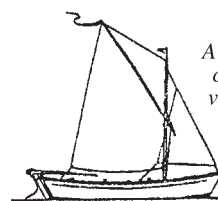


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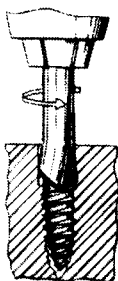
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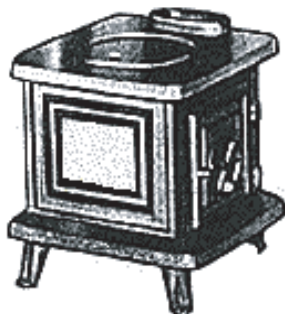
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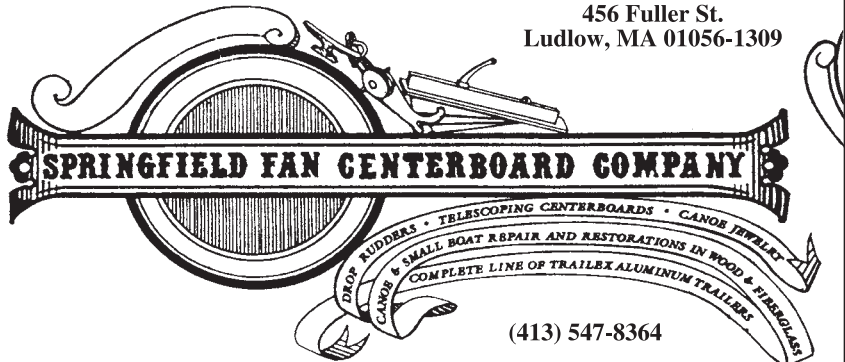
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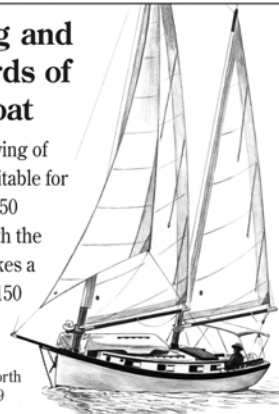


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